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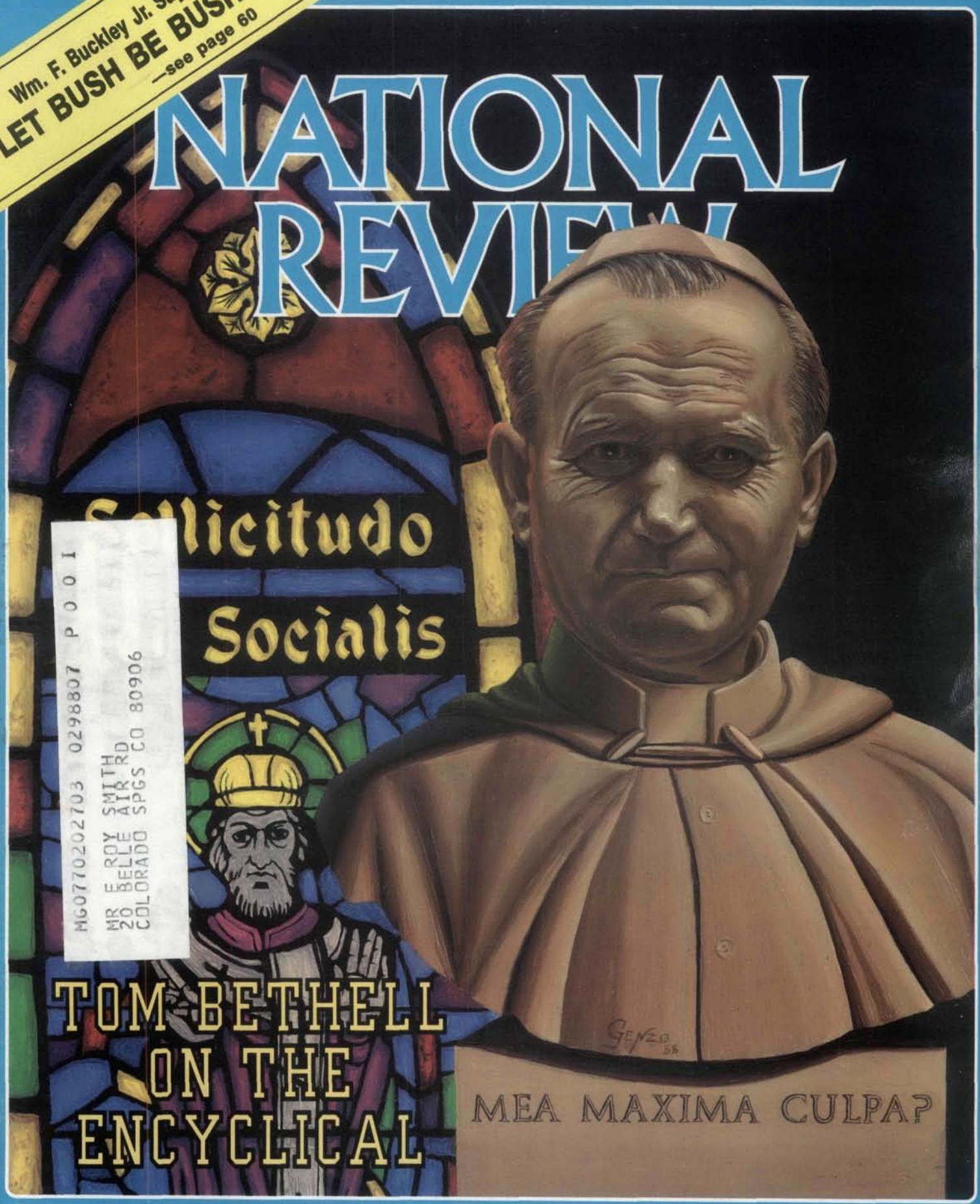
Wm. F. Buckley Jr. Says
LET BUSH BE BUSH
—see page 60

NATIONAL REVIEW



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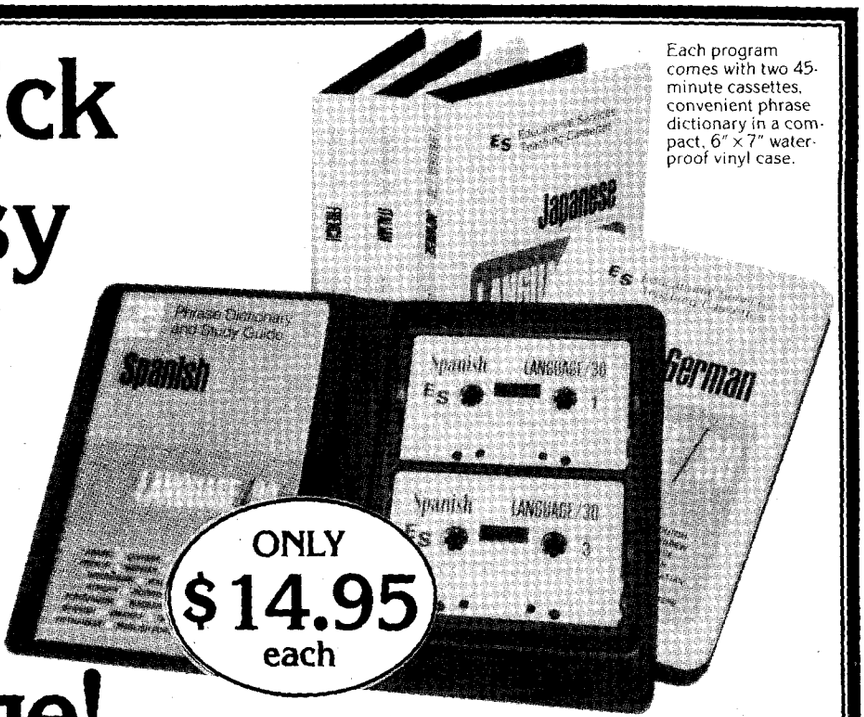

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LETTERS

SDI: Get On with It

I had always assumed that SDI was merely a political tool (and a waste of money) used by President Reagan to display an image of a tough America. "SDI: Making America Secure" [Apr. 1] has convinced me not only of the importance of the Strategic Defense Initiative, but of its necessity.

Soviet surrogates are securing a foothold around the world, making them no longer the rebels but the establishment. The Soviets' game plan is working—quietly and efficiently they move on. Aid to the Contras is dying while aid to the Sandinistas is on the upswing. The U.S. is weakening its strong stance by cutting the defense budget, erasing any chance of the proposed six-hundred-ship Navy. This, along with the assertion by your panel of experts that "in five to seven years, the U.S. will be vulnerable . . . to a massive Soviet nuclear attack," makes it apparent why "the Joint Chiefs of Staff judged the erosion of our deterrent . . . to be so serious as to warrant moving SDI from the research stage into the development stage."

The theory that nuclear war cannot be won is being taken out of the books. The missiles of today are becoming smaller, quicker, and more accurate, making a successful first strike feasible and, therefore, making the threat real. "The number of Soviet first-strike warheads is still increasing rapidly." The number of U.S. first-strike warheads is not. The 1990s are going to complete the shift from MAD to a doctrine of defense, and the U.S. had better take the lead with SDI.

Jonathan Hope
Middletown, N.J.

Front-Line Feminism

Jasper Higa writes ["Letters," Mar. 4] to complain about my enthusiastic review of Michael Levin's *Feminism and Freedom* [Feb. 5]. Instead of reading Michael Levin's book (which she herself has manifestly not read), she recommends that conservatives study the thought of Luce Irigaray and Andrea Dworkin, whom she praises as "front-liners." Luce Irigaray, she fails to point out, is the leading "philosopher" of the French school of omnisexuality/deconstructionism/psychoanalysis/Marxism/feminism that has achieved such towering prestige on American campuses—living proof that the folks who brought you Pol Pot are alive and well on the Left Bank. As for Andrea Dworkin, this "front-liner" is best known for her repeated claims that "Men love death. In everything they make, they hollow out a central place for death, let its rancid smell contaminate every dimension of whatever still survives." Yet, according to Miss Higa, anti-feminists "embarrass the cause of modern, cosmopolitan conservatism." One may judge of the sincerity of her concern for the conservative cause by the nature of the writers she cites. Had Miss Higa troubled to read Professor Levin's book, she would better understand that feminism and freedom are fundamentally incompatible.

Nicholas Davidson
New York, N.Y.

Hail Kuehnelt-Leddihn

I have been a subscriber to NATIONAL REVIEW for many years, and my favorite writer is Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn.

He displays a most uncommon common sense, and a clear-eyed understanding of the stark realities of the real world out there that is sadly lacking in American writers of this day and age. A few columns that come to mind at the moment discussed corruption and bribery as a way of life in most of the world, educational differences between Europe and America, Kurt Waldheim, and Latin American culture.

Robert J. Berdami
Meridian, Miss.

Maturing Maputo

Richard Grenier's article, "Weaning Mozambique" [Feb. 5], which advocated American support for the Renamo insurgents, painted a highly inaccurate picture of the situation in that country. Renamo decidedly does not control one-third of Mozambique's population or 85 per cent of its territory. Mr. Grenier may have visited one Renamo-controlled area, but during my three-year tour (1984-1987) as Economic Officer in the American Embassy in Maputo, I visited all ten of the country's provinces, as did other Embassy officers. Moreover, we were not confined to provincial capitals (none of which Renamo has ever come close to seizing), but traveled to government-controlled areas throughout the countryside. Mr. Grenier also stated that Renamo

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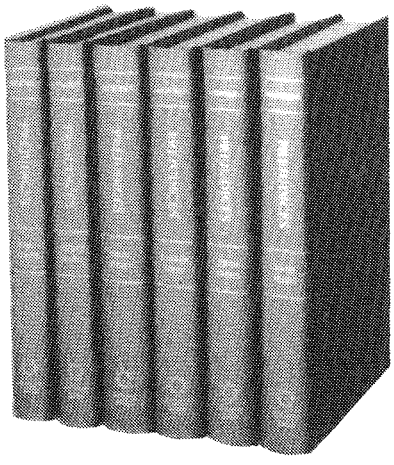

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has absolutely paralyzed Mozambique's rail and road traffic. Despite insurgent harassment, traffic continues to move, to one degree or another, on all of Mozambique's rail lines except the Beira-Moatize route. After several years in decline, the volume of freight transported on the country's rail lines increased in 1986; further growth was forecast for 1987.

Turning to the economy, Mr. Grenier ignored the Mozambican government's far-reaching structural-adjustment program, designed in conjunction with the IMF and World Bank. (Obviously, neither of these organizations can be considered Marxist in outlook.) An IMF official termed the reform measures—including currency devaluation, widespread privatization, price decontrol, etc.—as some of the most extensive under way in Africa. In addition, a number of foreign (mostly Western) firms have invested in Mozambique in spite of the war. These include, among many others, Lonrho of Britain, Pioneer of Hong Kong, and Edlow Resources of the United States.

Finally, Mr. Grenier seemed unaware of (or unconcerned with) Renamo's horrendous human-rights violations, including wholesale murder and mutilation of civilians. For example, the rebels killed nearly four hundred people in an attack on the town of Homoine last July. That atrocity was one of many perpetrated by the insurgents, and helps to explain why they are called bandits throughout Mozambique.

Anthony C. Newton
Economic Officer
U.S. Embassy
Bridgetown, Barbados

Baffled

What do you call a review that fantasizes maliciously around a word here, a sentence there, as though the text had swum before the eyes of a misanthrope in an opium dream?

It isn't a rhetorical question. I have no idea what to call Thomas Fleming's "Managing the Beast" [Feb. 19], which purports to be a "review" of *Cultural Conservatism*, but which fails to present even a minimally accurate summary of the book's theme, or of the goals stated in any chapter, or of the means proposed in any chapter.

As a matter of simple accuracy, *Cultural Conservatism* does not "try to create a new conservative ideology," does not "aim at a radical restructuring of the conservative coalition," does not "propose startling departures from orthodoxy," does not repudiate authors who admired the "Christian Middle Ages," does not "embrace economic centralization," does not consider religion "only a matter of preference," does not suggest that traditional values are "merely functional," does not deny that "moral principles . . . arise from nature itself," is not "careful not to annoy the feminists" (who are attacked by name, beginning on page 2), does not "elevate the state as . . . regulator of the economy" nor as "director of education" nor as "enforcer of traditional morality"—which eliminates almost every line of Fleming's text.

Last week at the Heritage Foundation, Russell Kirk welcomed *Cultural Conservatism* on warm terms, after having read it lucidly. Would he have welcomed what Fleming described? Does Fleming's description bear any resemblance to our book? It's a rhetorical question.

William H. Marshner
Institute for Cultural Conservatism
Washington, D.C.

Whose Values?

Several of the main points that Mr. Woolman discusses ["AIDS and Right-Wing Hysteria," Feb. 19] are outrageous and insulting to men and women who are intelligent and/or who value the Judaeo-Christian historical precedent.

First, Mr. Woolman states that heterosexual females have more to fear than heterosexual males, since AIDS is more readily passed by males than females. Let's get real: just how many AIDS cases among strictly heterosexual, non-drug-using females can the author identify?

Second, he suggests that oral sex is much safer than vaginal intercourse. This is true only if a person applies public-health values (i.e., use of condoms) to his/her personal life.

Third, the author says that more AIDS education will result in fewer sexually transmitted diseases, fewer unwanted pregnancies, etc. However, AIDS is not strictly speaking a public-health problem. It is not a disease that can be contracted through casual contact, poor hygiene, eating infested foods, etc. That is to say, it is not anything like the bubonic plague, influenza, or chicken pox in mode of transmission.

Fourth, Mr. Woolman calls for more responsible sexuality. Hear, hear! But can we agree on what that means? And who is to be the educator? Parents already have a tough time explaining to children that the values espoused in art, film, music, TV, and so forth are only alternatives and options.

Richard L. Callian
Westbury, N.Y.

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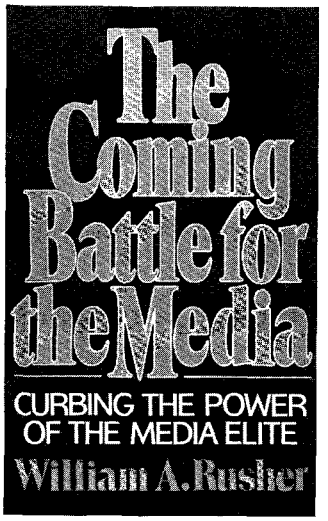

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FOR THE RECORD

Heading into big Eastern and Midwestern caucuses and primaries, the talk in Democratic camp is "super-delegates," that is: Who can line up the most influential of the 646 elite delegates (members of the National Committee, local and congressional party leaders) who will automatically be seated in Atlanta? (In the GOP camp the talk was: Who would be **George Bush**'s running-mate?) . . . **Michael Dukakis** is focusing on the super-delegates. He won over Michigan Sen. **Don Riegle** by a flip-flop in his trade position. He now favors the trade bill, having blasted it for months, in what **Dick Gephardt**, the authentic protectionist candidate, calls a "battlefield conversion." Above all, he told Michigan autoworkers, he endorses the Riegle amendment. . . . Other new Dukakis endorsers last week: top-ranking Connecticut Democrats, Sen. **Christopher Dodd** and Gov. **William O'Neill**, plus Sens. **Barbara Mikulski** (Md.) and **Patrick Leahy** (Vt.). Major coup of the week was Dukakis endorsement by New Jersey's Sen. **Bill Bradley**, who thus takes himself out of contention should it come to a brokered convention in Atlanta. . . . Through February, Dukakis had spent nearly twice as much ($11.4 million) as **Albert Gore** ($6 million), Dick Gephardt ($5.6 million), and **Paul Simon** ($5.3 million). How much has **Jesse Jackson** spent? No one knows. He has yet to file a report with the Federal Election Commission. . . . According to recent NBC/*Wall Street Journal* poll, Jackson's name-recognition is high: 90 per cent.

So who *will* be George Bush's running-mate? *Washington Post* reports **Richard Nixon** will urge Bush to name chief of staff and former Sen. **Howard Baker**, a Border Stater (Tennessee) and a man who knows his way around Congress. . . . The (Republican) Western States Political Caucus is pushing hard for a Westerner, and nominates as possible running-mates Interior Secretary **Don Hodel** (Ore.); Sens. **James McClure** (Idaho), **Orrin Hatch** (Utah), and **John McCain** (Ariz.); and former Sen. **Paul Laxalt** (Nev.). The group likes California Gov. **George Deukmejian** but feels that with reapportionment in 1990 it's best not to endanger that statehouse. . . . Political analyst **Stephen Hess** of Brookings suggests Bush might do well to nominate Sen. **Nancy Kassebaum** (Kan.), a moderate (ACU 51 per cent; ADA 30 per cent). . . . Coming out of Super Tuesday, *USA Today* and other polls had Bush leading Dukakis, but narrowly. Last week, a New York poll showed Dukakis beating Bush 47 to 41 per cent. . . . Even before Super Tuesday, an NBC/*WSJ* poll found that 64 per cent of Americans felt Bush "would be tough enough to be a good President," up from 46 per cent in January. . . . A Bush aide, responding to complaints that the Vice President talks in generalities, promised: "We're going to heavy-up the speeches." Commented columnist **George Will**, not known as a Bush fan, "Aides come to talk like their bosses." . . . Now that he's gone, **Jack Kemp** is coming in for kudos from the toughest critics in the business, the press. Says Democratic analyst and commentator **Mark Shields**: "What is true of sports is also true of political campaigns. They don't build character, but they do reveal it. . . . Along the way [Jack Kemp] has made more than a few admirers on the press bus."

Holland, *London Daily Telegraph* / Rotheo

"I was a TV evangelist until I was saved."

How did the candidates look on the two toughest issues of the week? On the Sandinista incursion into Honduras and the U.S. response to it: Dick Gephardt: "[The Administration has] abandoned the rule of law." Jesse Jackson: "There are no Sandinistas in Detroit." Michael Dukakis: "Very regrettable." Among the Republicans, **Robert Dole** called for immediate submission of a new Contra-aid package, lashed out at the Sandinistas; Bush supported **Reagan**'s response. . . . On the Grove City override vote, Bush said he would not now start to oppose the President etc. etc. According to **Evans & Novak**, many Bush advisors wanted him to split with Reagan on this one, but Bush himself refused. . . . On the vote to sustain the veto, Dole was out of town but said he would have voted to sustain had his vote been decisive. . . . All the Democratic candidates enthusiastically endorsed the Grove City bill. . . . Eight GOP senators who had voted for the bill originally changed their stance on the override vote to support the President. They were: **Christopher Bond** (Mo.), **Thad Cochran** (Miss.), **Charles Grassley** (Iowa), **Larry Pressler** (S.D.), **Alan Simpson** (Wyo.), **Paul Trible** (Va.), and **John Warner** (Va.). Alaskan Sens. **Frank Murkowski** and **Ted Stevens** voted to sustain, but changed their vote when it became apparent the President would lose anyway. Among other Republicans who joined the usual suspects (**Chafee**, **Hatfield**, **Heinz**, **Packwood**, **Specter**, **Weicker**) in voting against the President were Sens. **Boschwitz**, **Cohen**, **D'Amato**, **Domenici**, **Durenberger**, **Evans**, Kassebaum, **Kasten**, McCain, **Roth**, **Rudman**, **Stafford**, **Wilson**. . . . Not a single Democratic senator voted to sustain.

Meeting of feminist journalists in New York a week ago included representatives of *Big Apple Dyke*, *The Voice of Palestinian Women*, and (our favorite) **Luvenia Pinson** of "The Committee for the Visibility of the Other Black Woman, the Black Lesbian."

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THE WEEK

☐ Secretary of State George Shultz says, "We must deal with the Soviet Union as it is, not as we wish it to be." This is the most important foreign-policy shift in this century.

☐ Well, what do you know. George Bush wins big on Super Tuesday and in Illinois, and suddenly, Mr. Wimp, Mr. Can't-Win, Mr. Every-Democrat-Cleans-His-Clock starts *winning* pollsters' matchups with possible Democratic opponents. Could it be that polls only reflect whim? ignorance? n-me r-c-gn-t--n? Shhh. Don't murder a whole industry.

☐ The 1981 tax cut—implemented beginning in 1983—is all gone, superseded by tax increases. *Insight* magazine's Karen Riley has looked at Treasury Department data, which show that the $1.488 trillion taxpayers saved since then has been wiped out by: $650 billion in bracket creep before the President forced indexing down Congress's throat in 1985; $377 billion to "save" Social Security in 1982-83; Bob Dole's 1982 Tax Equity and Fiscal Responsibility Act and the 1984 Deficit Reduction Act ($311 billion and $101 billion); $30 billion to keep the 1986 Tax Reform Act "revenue neutral"; $23 billion in 1987's quixotic tilt at the deficit; $28 billion in the 1983 gasoline-tax increase; and $9 billion in miscellaneous tax increases. That's $1.529 trillion in tax increases over the same period. Without factoring in the 1987 tax increase, the Office of Management and Budget (OMB) estimates that taxes will eat up 19.4 per cent of total economic output this year, the same as in 1980. The Congressional Budget Office—a creature of the tax-loving Democratic majority—says that without the 1981 cut, taxes would have soared to 23 per cent of GNP by 1986. We need tax cuts just to stay even.

☐ R. W. Apple Jr. of the *New York Times* reports that while Democratic Party professionals say publicly that Jesse Jackson, if nominated, could be elected, they flatly deny it in private. If Jackson comes to the Atlanta convention as frontrunner in delegates but without enough to win, they'll stop him. The buzzword is "electability," which Jackson is said to lack. Probably so. But the argument comes strangely from the party of affirmative action. In the early Sixties, restaurateurs sometimes said that though they wouldn't mind serving Negroes, to do so would drive white customers away. Liberal Democrats didn't buy that argument then. But when their own business is affected, they seem to appreciate its force.

☐ Ted Turner continues to court the Soviet Union, this time with a seven-hour documentary on "one of the most extraordinary countries in the world . . . bound together by a dream that is still being dreamt. The Soviet Union—a mighty union!" according to narrator Roy (*Jaws*) Scheider. "Atheist though the state may be," he goes on, "freedom to worship as you please is enshrined in the Soviet constitution . . ." Gorbachev is a "new and enlightened leader." Armenians "have at last found stability—under the Soviet wing." And, would you believe it, "Russians love their children." To think we once wished Turner's new "patriotic" network well, and rooted for Scheider to get away from that shark.

☐ Four conservative Dartmouth students have received Robespierrean penalties arising out of a minor confrontation with a black music professor whose egregious abuse of the classroom they had exposed. A Dartmouth senior, ten weeks to go before graduation, was suspended for a year and a half. Ditto a junior; a sophomore, for two terms. For a freshman, probation. Whereas radical building-occupiers and feminist tampon-throwers are never penalized, and the racist music professor has the support of the college president. Off campus, the picture is brighter. The ACLU is reviewing the case, and Dartmouth alumni are considering an "in escrow" alternative alumni fund, pending the arrival of sobriety at Hanover.

☐ They're singing "We Shall Overcome" in the streets of East Berlin and punctuating political meetings with chants of "Kyrie Eleison" ("Lord have mercy") in East German churches. Ten thousand Hungarians thronged the streets of Budapest on the occasion of the 140th anniversary of a Hungarian revolt against an earlier occupying power, Austria. The people cried "Democracy!" and "Freedom of assembly!" and occasionally "Gorbachev!" in what was the largest Hungarian demonstration since Soviet tanks rolled over the freedom-fighters in 1956. In Czechoslovakia, Poland, East Germany, Hungary, and, yes, in the Soviet

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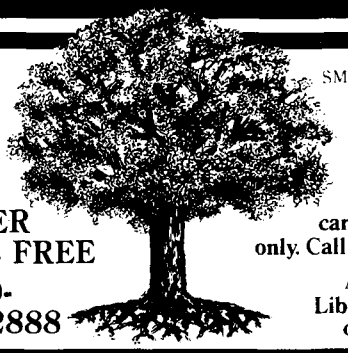

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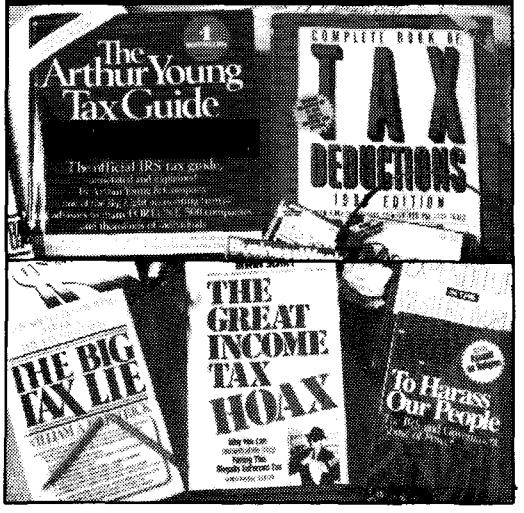

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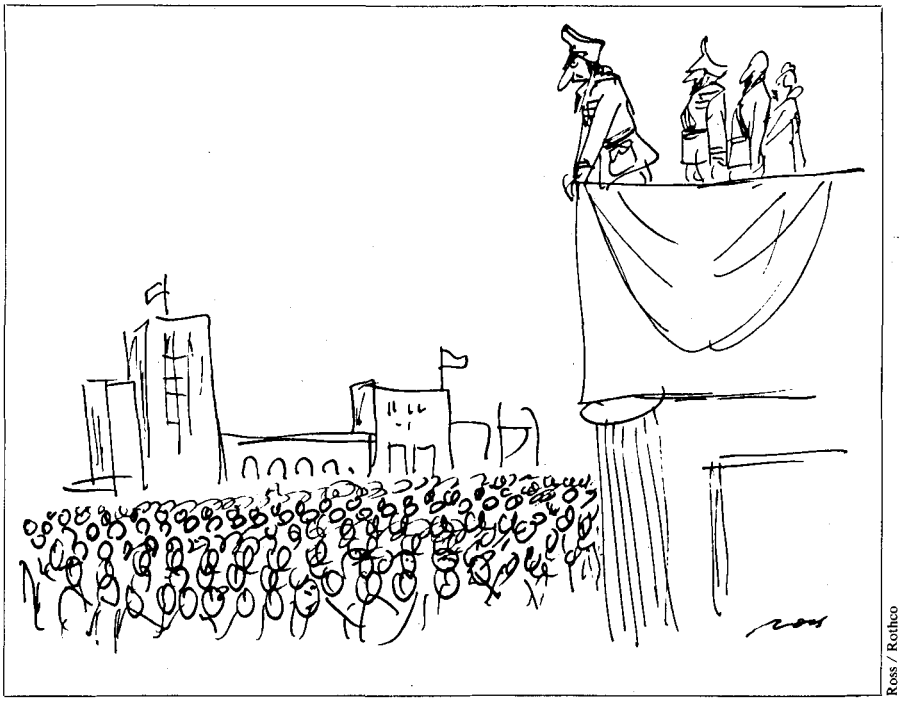

Ross / Rothco

"Fellow banana republicans . . ."

Union, police have stood by as crowds protested brutal repressions in Rumania. Freedom is bubbling like fermenting yeast throughout Russia's East European empire, and Gorbachev's aging satraps are uncertain how to deal with it, trying to guess just how firm their master wants them to be.

☐ The White House has told "the gentlemen of the supple spine" in the State Department (as James Burnham called the détentists during the Vietnam War) that no deal is to be cut on Afghanistan that will get Soviet troops out but leave the Soviet infrastructure in place, so the Soviets are taking a different tack. Foreign Ministry spokesman Vadim Perfilyev says that whereas the Soviets would prefer to remove their troops under an international agreement, "the withdrawal of Soviet troops will be carried out in some other way." But, reports *New York Times* Moscow correspondent Bill Keller, "in private meetings, Soviet officials have implied that after a unilateral withdrawal, any blame for an *ensuing bloodbath* [italics ours] would fall on the United States and Pakistan." Now that's *chutzpah*. In the eight years of the Soviet occupation one million Afghans have died and five million (of a population of 15 million) have been driven into exile. Not bad as bloodbaths go.

☐ El Salvador's fragile democracy withstood its latest test last week when nearly 70 per cent of the voters trooped to the polls despite threats of physical violence by the leftist guerrillas. In the weeks before the election, Marxist rebels shot up buses, blew up electrical installations, and kidnapped and murdered a number of mayors of rural villages. But there were no loud huzzahs from America's press corps at this display of national courage because although the Salvadorans did exercise their franchise, the dummies voted for the wrong party, Roberto d'Aubuisson's right-wing Arena instead of President José Napoleón Duarte's Christian Democrats. Arena elected mayors in most of the major cities, including San Salvador, and it won an absolute majority in the parliament. Look for lots of stories about right-wing death squads, for moves to cut U.S. subsidies to El Salvador, and maybe for calls for a restoration of democracy to El Salvador, which has just now experienced it.

☐ The Federalist Society's Seventh Annual Symposium on Law and Public Policy Issues considered the question, "Are There Unenumerated Constitutional Rights?" on March 4 and 5 at the University of Virginia (U.Va.) Law School. Discussions featured Reagan-appointed judges including J. Daniel Mahoney, J. Harvie Wilkinson, Stephen F. Williams, and Antonin Scalia, conservative academics such as Lino Graglia and Paul Bator, and a few hot young libertarians like Randy Barrett of Chicago and Lillian BeVier of U.Va. There was a liberal on every panel—Sanford Levinson of the University of Texas, New York University Law Dean Norman Redlich, Daniel Ortiz of U.Va., and Akhil Amar of Yale. "The unwritten Constitution" covers—or does not—such matters as privacy and natural-rights theory. Nothing was settled, and a good time was had by all. The Left isn't sponsoring much debate these days, as the conferees were reminded by the banquet address of Judge Robert Bork. He warned that intellectual combat has taken on a new meaning for the Left. "I sometimes think that the issue for the other side is simply power," said Bork. "They hold their ideas as weapons to use in a fight for power for its own sake."

☐ *Pravda* glasnosts that the Soviet rail system is a disgrace. It reports 48 passenger-train accidents in the fourth quarter of 1987, up 37 per cent in a year, and seventy thousand safety violations. Can it be that they take socialized rail service more seriously than we do?

☐ A "doomsday plane" for the President's use in the event of nuclear attack and carrying $179 million in special equipment was seriously damaged by a flock of geese.

☐ The so-called African so-called National so-called Congress, citing "long support and understanding,"

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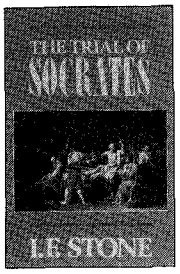

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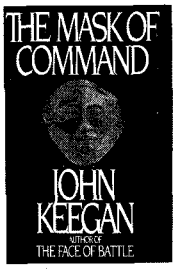

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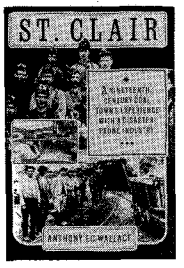

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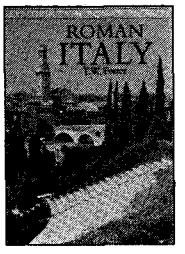

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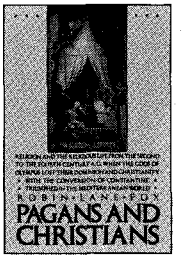

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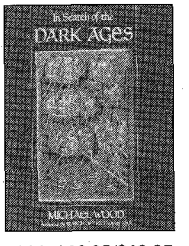

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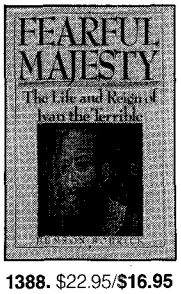

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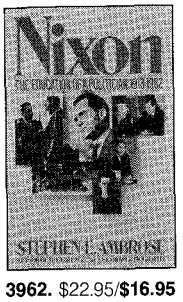

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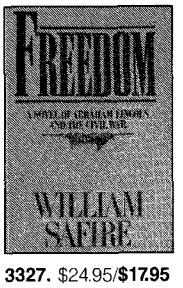

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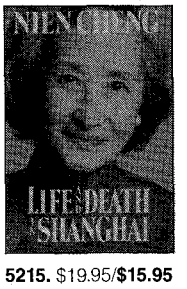

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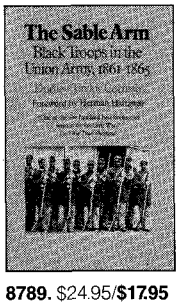

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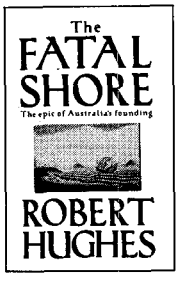

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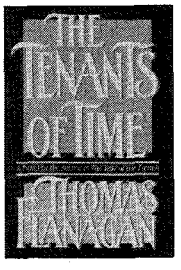

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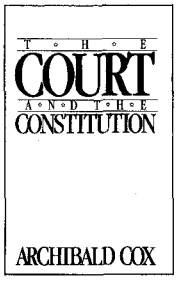

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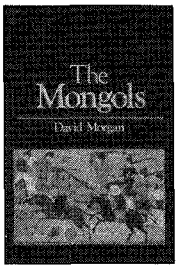

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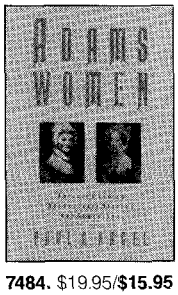

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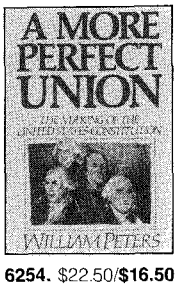

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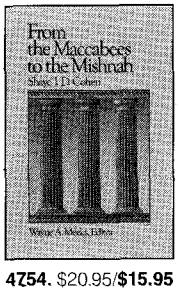

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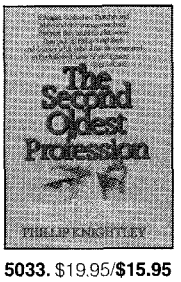

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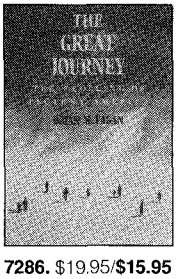

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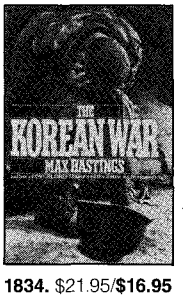

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meaning money, arms, and marching orders, has formally opened a mission in Moscow.

☐ Is Mike Dukakis boring? Let's put it this way: if you loved Mondale, you'll like Dukakis.

Bush Triumphans

WITH A SOUTHERN sweep and Illinois under his belt, and sure to pick up more delegates in New York a fortnight hence, George Bush is assured of the Republican nomination. *NR* was not enthusiastic over the prospect of a Bush candidacy—not because of doubts over his impulses, which are basically conservative, but because of uneasiness over his presentation of them. Presentation now becomes the central issue—for conservatives, and for Bush.

Before George Bush turns his thoughts to November, he should first take a look at the presidential elections of the last 28 years. Throw out 1964, as being unique: the conservative movement will never be new again; and there won't be a martyred Democrat any time soon. Of the six remaining elections, three were close; three were landslides. Despite anomalies—George Wallace, John Anderson—a pattern emerges. When the Left-Right differential between the Republican and the Democrat is small, the Republican loses, or barely wins. Nixon and Ford were moderate Republicans. Kennedy and Carter were perceived as relatively conservative Democrats, while Humphrey, though he was an old-fashioned liberal, had taken the nomination away from his party's Left. When the differential is large—moderate Nixon *v.* left-wing McGovern, conservative Reagan *v.* moderate/liberal Carter, conservative Reagan *v.* liberal Mondale—the Republican wins in a rout.

Conventional wisdom holds that candidates do well to move to some mythical "center" in the election. Conventional wisdom is wrong. It is in George Bush's interest to sharpen, not blur, the differences between him and the Democratic Party. If Bush's position on Reagan's Grove City veto is any indication, he is in for a rough ride. Bush said he supported the veto because the bill suffered from "imperfections" and because he wasn't going to start opposing Reagan "after seven years." Bush should banish the words "oppose" and "support" from his vocabulary where Reagan is concerned. It is now his task to say when he and Ronald Reagan *agree*; it is his job, in other words, to spell out positive conservative principles.

He can have an Iran-Contra-dominated cliffhanger, or he can hold the Democrats to 43 per cent of the vote. Bush's self-interest coincides with conservatives' self-interest—to say nothing of the country's.

Gorbachev Surges Ahead

While eastward-looking Germans cheered
And Danes and Dutchmen volunteered
As how his goo-goo eyes do more
Than Reagan's in the White House door,
A Europe that's decoupled from
The land that leased them chewing gum
Seems less and less preposterous,
As Kissinger keeps telling us.

W. H. VON DREELE

Weightlessness Achieved

THE IMMINENCE of an election concentrates the mind, and so it's time to get serious about the Democratic candidates.

Let's start with Michael Dukakis. While claiming credit for the Massachusetts economic "miracle," the Duke has opposed the essential preconditions for prosperity—tax cuts and high-tech development. Neighboring, low-tax New Hampshire is more prosperous. (Governor Sununu for President?) As a campaigner, Dukakis makes Bush look like Zorba. Bush as a speaker sounds like Demosthenes by comparison. On foreign policy, Dukakis makes McGovern seem hard-line. (Remember, McGovern wanted military action against Cambodia in 1975.) In Iowa, Dukakis urged the corn farmers to switch to Belgian endive. Let 'em eat endive.

Albert Gore was born middle-aged; he might have been the usual candidate for high-school student president, the sort of kid teachers like. He fakes right and runs left. He is now trying the politics of envy, picked up from the "populist" Richard Gephardt, populist this week. He's becoming Albert Bore.

The only thing Paul Simon has in common with Harry Truman is his bow tie. Jesse Jackson is a purely racial candidate who gets 90 per cent of the black vote plus a few white flakes. He's a dictator-kisser, good for GOP TV spots. Bring back Joe Biden: at least he had a good speechwriter, Neil Kinnock.

A. M. Rosenthal, the estimable former executive editor of the *New York Times* (and the hate object of Harrison Salisbury's new memoir *Time of Change*) now writes a regular column. No doubt sensing the unbearable weightlessness of these candidates, Rosenthal got Mario Cuomo on the phone, and then Ed Koch. Cuomo said he isn't running. Koch said, Yeah, sure. Rosenthal seems to think that Cuomo will be the nominee, which might be possible given the presence at the convention of the uncommitted "superdelegates," the Democratic officeholders rung in to prevent another special-interest debacle.

Anything is possible. The only thing saving →

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The Arias Plan: The Evidence Is In

THE Democratic-controlled Congress denies military aid to the Nicaraguan freedom-fighters, Sandinista troops attack across an international border, Ortega first denies and then admits this fact. March 1988? Yes, but this all happened before as well—in March 1986. That time around the President finally won the Contra-aid vote. This year the Democrats are using the Arias "peace process" as the pretext for opposing the President. But does the Arias plan still exist?

The key provisions of the Arias plan required all signatories to assure civil rights, freedom of speech and association, amnesty for all political prisoners, and free elections. The plan called for a ceasefire within each country, requiring each government to negotiate with the armed insurgency on its territory. It required full compliance with all provisions by November 5, 1987.

Just days after signing the Arias plan, Daniel Ortega flew to Cuba for consultations with Castro. At about the same time, there was a peaceful demonstration in Managua protesting Sandinista human-rights abuses. Mobs controlled by the Sandinista secret police arrested and held for one month Alberto Saborio, head of a lawyers' association, and Lino Hernández, director of the Permanent Commission on Human Rights, a group which has monitored repression under the Somoza and Sandinista dictatorships.

More than a month after the Arias plan was signed, Salvadoran President José Napoleón Duarte told visiting Congressman Jack Kemp that the Sandinistas had increased their provision of weapons, training, and other military support to Communist guerrillas inside his country. By November 5, El Salvador and Guatemala had opened direct negotiations with Communist guerrillas operating on their territories, but the Sandinistas refused to talk directly with the Contras. The four democracies moved toward full amnesty for political prisoners (Duarte released virtually all such prisoners held in El Salvador). Although the Sandinistas released about one thousand prisoners (many of whom, it was later reported, were in fact Sandinista soldiers arrested for misconduct), they did nothing about the other eight thousand.

The Sandinistas allowed the independent newspaper *La Prensa* to reopen but intimidated its reporters and warned it not to publish anything controversial. The Catholic radio station was likewise allowed to reopen but prohibited from broadcasting news. Days before the compliance deadline, the Sandinistas announced they would not grant broad political amnesty or lift the state of emergency until the U.S. ended all Contra aid. (Ortega then flew to Moscow for the seventieth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution.)

During November and December a number of different groups offered their own assessments of Nicaraguan compliance. According to the State Department, the Sandinistas had made "no progress" in fulfilling more than half of 33 specific criteria that the House of Representatives had approved by an overwhelming vote of 346 to 58 and only "little progress" in complying with the others. An AFL-CIO delegation reported that Nicaragua had shown "the least compliance of any Central American country" with democratization criteria established by the Central American Workers' Confederation. Even President Arias says that Nicaragua has "not complied with the amnesty, democratization, free elections, lifting of the state of emergency, and all the rest."

A few days before the Central American Summit meeting on January 15, more than ten thousand Nicaraguans demonstrated in Managua against the continuation of the Sandinista dictatorship. At the Summit meeting, the presidents of Costa Rica, El Salvador, Guatemala, and Honduras jointly agreed to reject any further extensions of the Arias-plan deadlines and to terminate the international verification commission. Nicaragua, they observed, had failed to meet the terms of the Arias plan and now should finally demonstrate "total compliance, without excuses."

Ortega responded by offering to open direct ceasefire talks with the resistance, suspend the state of emergency, and release some additional political prisoners, provided they go into exile in the United States. Then his secret police arrested seven leaders of the (unarmed) democratic opposition and accused them of plotting with the CIA. After the Congress rejected President Reagan's request for aid to the Contras on February 3, Ortega publicly called for the "complete and total defeat" of the resistance.

By now it is clear that the Arias plan is dead. The Sandinistas are calling their March 1988 attack the "triumph or death" offensive. On March 16 Jack Kemp urged an emergency military-aid package of $90 million for the Contras. The Reagan Administration should propose this and let the world know the Sandinistas have destroyed the Arias "peace process" by their aggression. Only from the Communists' viewpoint can the Arias plan be called a success.

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→ the ozone layer is that the present Democratic runners are wearing lead shoes. Cuomo might really be the only one left standing on the ground. Egad.

To the Halls of Montezuma

THE ONLY surprise about the dispatch of the 82nd Airborne to Honduras is that there should have been any surprise.

Congress has effectively foreclosed the Contras as a means of exerting restraint on the Communist ambitions of the Sandinistas. What else is left to restrain them? It is as much as El Salvador can do to prevent its own Communist movement from disrupting Salvadoran elections, forget bluffing Nicaragua. Costa Rica has no army to speak of. Panama and Guatemala have their own problems. Honduras, courtesy of us, has a fine air force. Up against the biggest army on the subcontinent, they will need every wing.

So we are left with—us. Months ago, Norman Podhoretz wrote a column predicting that President Cuomo would be forced to send American troops into Nicaragua. The first assumption, that Mario Cuomo would be the next President, has turned out to be, most likely, a fantasy. But Cuomo's only role in the column was to illuminate the second, more important assumption: that the irreducible geopolitical interests of the United States *compel* any President, no matter how liberal, to prevent a secure and self-confident Communist regime from establishing itself on the Central American mainland. If the Contras are not to be the means of averting that end, then other means must be found.

Time has run exceedingly short in Central America. A number of congressmen, appalled by the expectable, have begun to put together a "humanitarian" aid package, with an option to give the President a quick hearing on military requests. Meanwhile, Contra and Sandinista political representatives discuss terms of truce—that is, Contra surrender.

Tell it to the Marines. They'll be going to the halls of Montezuma in a few years' time.

Stand Up for Taxes

LOOK OUT. Here comes another "bipartisan" gang of pinstriped pickpockets, called "Rebuild America." According to *BusinessWeek* (March 28), which likes this sort of scheme, they want to toss a trillion dollars or so at "carefully targeted public and private investments." But who picks the targets? There is no similar doubt about who picks up the bill. "Where would all this investment capital come from? . . . A big part," explains *BusinessWeek*, "would have to come from raising taxes."

One key economist behind "Rebuild America" is Harvard's Larry Summers, a protégé of Martin Feldstein and now an advisor to Michael Dukakis. Another is Robert Reich, also from Harvard, who advises Richard Gephardt. Yet another is Robert Solow of MIT, who is about as bipartisan as House Speaker Jim Wright. The group's director, Fred Banfman, is described as "a onetime idea man for Senator Gary Hart." There is already tax-exempt corporate funding, of course, which is to be expected when the stakes include "carefully targeted . . . investments." It is not possible to transfer a trillion dollars from taxpayers to government-directed projects without somebody getting very wealthy in the process.

All of this old-fashioned "economic planning" and special-interest favoritism is being revived under the guise of fiscal responsibility. The theme is that a hefty tax on consumption (really, on production) would somehow cut the government's borrowing without reducing *private* savings by even more. The tortured reasoning goes as follows: First, assume that taxes on what people spend have no effect on what they earn and no effect on business profits either. People would then buy less—which is the whole point of the "consumption tax"—stores and factories would nonetheless keep employing just as many people and earning just as much profit, so employees and businesses would pay just as much income tax as before. In that case, personal and business incomes and savings would be unchanged, by definition, and the government's income would be higher. With government borrowing less (yet "investing" more), businesses would invest to produce more for consumers who would buy less. If all this makes sense, you may be qualified to teach economics in Cambridge, Mass.

The whole idea of boosting investment by raising taxes is sufficiently bizarre that it must obscure a quite different agenda—namely to increase the income and power of those who distribute and receive government favors at the expense of private workers and consumers. This "bipartisan" gang wants to peddle favoritism with a trillion dollars of our money. It should be renamed "Rebuild Washington."

Star Warps

THE *New York Times* has collected a number of articles on SDI by *New York Times* reporters into a book, and the *New York Times*'s book reviewer liked it. "The long, hard journey to nuclear wisdom . . . is rife with diversions and dead ends. *Claiming the Heavens*, with a fairness that is admirable, competently exposes its pitfalls."

The *Washington Post* had *Claiming the Heavens* reviewed by a physicist, who was less rapturous. ". . . along with useful information, errors, irrelevant facts, and inconsistencies are being writ in stone here, fixed within hard covers, ready for research and citation,

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but still wrong, misleading, ill comprehended, or incomplete. The technically unsophisticated reader must beware."

Well, it doesn't take technical sophistication (or even a review assignment from the *Washington Post*) to see the holes in the *Times*'s book, and the *Times*'s plug of it. *Claiming the Heavens* makes heavy weather of the fact that Ronald Reagan once played a spy who was pursuing the secret of a Star Wars-like device, big deal (have they also checked Edward Teller's acting career?). The orbiting nuclear reactors that would fuel SDI battle stations are dubbed, by the *Times* reviewer, "little Chernobyls" (we get it). The authors and the reviewer all uncritically accept the dogma of mutual assured destruction (the best defense is no defense), and the asymmetry with which it is applied in practice: *our* SDI "must necessarily be perceived by the Soviet Union as [a] component of a nuclear war fighting plan," but *their* SDI project—considerably further along than ours—rates not a peep.

Partisan, Luddite junk. For the paper of record, no news about SDI is fit to print.

Iran/Contra: A Pardon Now?

FORMER National Security Advisor Robert McFarlane has now pleaded guilty to the charge of withholding information from Congress. His penalty is as yet unknown, but he had asked that the sentence be handed down before the start of the trial of the four men who have been indicted on conspiracy, fraud, and theft charges: former National Security Advisor Admiral John Poindexter, now-resigned Marine Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North, retired Air Force Major General Richard Secord, and Secord's business partner Albert Hakim.

The individuals are variously charged. The indictment contains 23 counts and runs to 101 pages. It is the result of 14 months of investigation by special prosecutor Lawrence Walsh and his large legal team, and the expenditure of many millions of dollars.

Vast political and constitutional issues are involved. Resolving the latter, especially, will take many more months. The constitutional status of the special prosecutor will surely be tested, as will the status of the Boland Amendment(s), and the extent to which Congress is permitted to investigate the inner workings of the executive branch. During the Army-McCarthy hearings, President Eisenhower threw the protection of executive privilege over the whole executive branch and was able to face down legitimate subpoenas. During Watergate, Nixon did not have the political clout to do anything approaching that.

Viewed in another way, and entirely apart from any question of legal guilt, this is another Dreyfus or Hiss case. It is the dramatization of a huge political split that opened in the U.S. during the Vietnam War, but which has roots much further back—in the internal split in the Democratic Party between Truman and Wallace, for example.

When the Iran/Contra project was begun, North, Poindexter, and, presumably, Reagan saw clearly that a cutoff of aid to the Contras would inevitably issue in the cruel dilemma we now face: either simply acquiescing in a Communist Nicaragua, or sending in our own troops to do the job. The North-Poindexter (and Reagan-Casey?) operation tried to preserve the third, or Contra, option. As 1987 opened, Congress having changed its mind and voted for aid, the Contras were on the offensive inside Nicaragua. Then came the "scandal," followed by the second aid cutoff, with the Democrats almost unified behind Ortega and the Communists.

It has to be said that the President did not much aid his cause with all his billing and cooing with Gorbachev. If the Soviets are now something new, and no longer expansionist, why worry about Ortega?

Whoever the Democratic candidate this year turns out to be, even if he is Albert Gore, he will come from the Henry Wallace-George McGovern wing—that is, the only surviving wing—of the Democratic Party. He will run on Iran/Contra and try to put George Bush on the defensive about his role in it all. For Bush's political chances, a Reagan pardon of the four defendants plus McFarlane would probably be devastating. It would open the floodgates to a McGovernized Democratic Party—thus jeopardizing Reagan's aims in Central America, not to speculate about foreign-policy chaos elsewhere.

The legal process can be expected to drag on, probably well into the first term of a Bush Administration if there is to be one. Any thought of pardons, assuming that such might be justified, belongs much further down the road. North and Poindexter are soldiers, not betrayers, of a far-flung cause in which they believe. And William Casey is far beyond the reach of a subpoena. Let the legal process go forward.

They Just Want Fair Play

Though Christopher Dodd and Big Teddy
Grew fangs to assault Noriega,
They catcall and boo at anyone who
Says anything mean to Ortega.

W. H. VON DREELE

Some Betrayal

WHEN PRESIDENT REAGAN slashed income-tax rates, he fired a shot heard round the world. Even the Socialist governments of Australia and New →

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Cut Defense Spending Gracefully

CUTTING FEDERAL SPENDING has become a code word for cutting the defense budget. This is clearly the case in the latest budget, which recommends that the Defense Department's spending authority for 1989 be cut by $33 billion below the level deemed prudent just one year ago. Meanwhile, spending on transfer payments is projected to be at least $140 billion more over the next five years than was foreseen in last year's budget.

The six-hundred-ship Navy is now on indefinite leave. More than a dozen weapons projects have ended. SDI spending is cut 25 per cent below last year's level. The army must make do with two thousand fewer helicopters, the armed forces with 36,000 fewer men, at a time when our conventional-force vulnerabilities are exacerbated by the INF treaty.

An additional $170 billion in defense cuts will have to be made by 1993 to keep us on course for the zero-real-growth target set by the new Defense Secretary, and the newly appointed National Economic Commission is rumored to have the Pentagon's budget in its sights for still further hits.

Instead of this sort of indiscriminate budget-slashing, Peter Grace has already shown how defense spending can be cut without impairing our ability to defend ourselves. His commission found, for example, that military pensions are six times greater than typical private-sector plans. Putting the military on an equivalent retirement basis could save us $28 billion over three years. There are four thousand military installations in the United States, but only 326 of them are considered essential to national defense by the Department of Defense. (The remainder are essential only to local congressmen.) Closing the obsolete bases would save $2 billion annually.

On another front, more than $28 billion could be saved by giving a businessman's touch to the way weapons are procured—managerial changes like writing multi-year contracts and purchasing spare parts from a source other than the manufacturer of the original equipment. (These manufacturers tend to low-ball the original contract, figuring they can make up the difference on the spare parts.) Do these things and the $90 screw is history. —ED RUBENSTEIN

→ Zealand have felt obliged to follow suit. In Britain, Margaret Thatcher's government, already embarked on a similar course, was encouraged in its well-doing and, far more successfully than the Reagan Administration, has matched supply-side theory on tax cuts with fundamental good housekeeping.

In his annual Budget Day speech, Chancellor of the Exchequer Nigel Lawson was able to announce that he had balanced the budget, something achieved by only one other Chancellor since the early 1950s and an example that, as one British commentator optimistically suggested, may stiffen spines in Washington. He proposed further substantial tax cuts. The dramatic implications of his proposals were underlined by chants of "Shame! Shame! Shame!" from Labour Members of Parliament which forced the Speaker to suspend the sitting for ten minutes.

The Chancellor had begun his arithmetic from a very favorable position. The Treasury's coffers are overflowing; inflation, at 4 per cent, is relatively low; unemployment is falling, production rising; and economic forecasts remain cheerful. Mrs. Thatcher's government really has turned Britain around to a sensational degree. Its worst failure, as the Chancellor admitted, is that the proportion of the national income consumed by public expenditures has actually risen—to 51 per cent; even Mrs. Thatcher seems helpless to reduce the total burden.

Lawson followed the Reagan example of eliminating various tax breaks in return for lowering rates. The Conservatives had inherited from previous Labour governments a confiscatory tax structure rising steeply to an absurd peak of 98 per cent on investment income. Lawson has now reduced the standard rate, which is paid by 95 per cent of the working population, to 25 per cent (with a future target of 20 per cent), and has consolidated all the higher gradations into a single rate of 40 per cent (charged on income above roughly $40,000 a year).

These figures, like the Reagan tax cuts, are to some extent misleading. Social Security deductions, filching another 9 per cent from wage packets, should really be included, while Value Added Tax increases most prices by 15 per cent: and there are property taxes, excise duties, and a variety of other imposts. Nevertheless, Britain does now have the lowest and simplest income tax since the Second World War.

The Labour Party called it "a day of betrayal." The Liberals called it "deeply offensive." Almost everybody called it "a budget for the rich." And Professor John Kenneth Galbraith, who was passing through London, condemned it as a deplorable imitation of

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Reaganomics. He lamented the virtuous days of British welfarism in almost exactly the same words as his fellow socialists. None of these critics was prepared even to consider the argument, patiently repeated by Lawson and for which there is now much evidence, that reducing high tax rates will increase, rather than diminish, the Treasury's income, thus not only benefiting the taxpayer but making more money available for social services. If the Left admitted such a possibility, the politics of envy would stand naked.

A "wet" Conservative MP said nervously: "The budget's fine if it doesn't cause a revolution." The idea that many people should want to start a revolution because, although their own taxes have been reduced, other people's have been reduced still more is a very modern and, it must be hoped, implausible one. But the Chancellor plainly has a job of education to do. Opinion polls found instant majorities saying that the budget was "unfair" and that they would have preferred the money to go to the Health Service. There is, of course, an easy answer. These altruistic souls can send their unwanted windfalls direct to the Health Service or back to the Chancellor. Then everyone will be happy. —A. LEJEUNE

Nervous Perspiration

Whispering while he campaigns near them;
Whispering so he doesn't hear them;
Whispering where a black could steer them—
Whispering, too, that the fellow could screw them;
Whispering though the voters tell them
Whispering candidates repel them,
While, as they sweat, one tends to smell them
Whispering that they feel blue.

W. H. VON DREELE

Shrouded in Doubt

FOR HALF A millennium, the Shroud of Turin—the piece of linen believed to be the burial shroud of Jesus, and which made its way to the West after the Crusades—was an object of veneration to believers, but not of much interest to the secular world. Then, at the end of the nineteenth century, a modern invention, photography, appeared to unlock one of the Shroud's secrets: when a negative of a photograph of the Shroud was viewed, it revealed a positive image of a human body, with details making plausible the identification of that body with Christ's. As further research was done, more and more corroboration—with occasional scientific dissent—accumulated. Holography, pollen studies, analysis of the surface (apparently ruling out the possibility that the image was painted on)—all pointed in the same direction. The attention of many scientists was captured, especially since the message of the Shroud seemed piquantly addressed to them: only through modern technology could the Shroud be decoded; therefore, if the Shroud was indeed a message from God, it seemed particularly a message for our time.

While each test performed has added another dollop of corroboration, one crucial test has so far been postponed, because it involves destroying part of the Shroud's material: Carbon 14 dating. However, by 1986 the technology of Carbon 14 dating had advanced to a point where it could be seriously considered, since the tests no longer require a prohibitive amount of material to work with. In the fall of that year a three-day workshop was held in Turin; the 22 participants included representatives from the Pontifical Academy of Sciences and from carbon-dating laboratories in England, France, Italy, Switzerland, and America. The workshop unanimously recommended that the tests be carried out; and that they be done under strict controls, since their credibility, if they came up with a positive result, would be challenged by the skeptics. The workshop decided that seven laboratories should perform the tests simultaneously.

Nothing then happened for a year, at which point the science advisor to the Archbishop of Turin, Professor Luigi Gonella, astonished those who had been following the story by announcing a drastic change in the program: only two or three laboratories would participate (even though, when several labs performed a test run last year on a piece of cloth whose age was known, one of them came up with an answer that was wrong by a thousand years). As representatives of the seven laboratories said in a letter to the archbishop, this change in the project meant "risking the possibility that what may be the first and only chance to date the Shroud cloth will fail."

In January a closed meeting was held at the British Museum with representatives of the three chosen labs, and sample-taking was scheduled for some time before Easter. It now appears that those plans have been stalled. For both those who hope the Shroud is what it is claimed to be, and those whose scientific curiosity has been aroused, the best outcome would be a further postponement, giving the Pope a chance to reconsider a decision that, once implemented, would be irreversible.

'Whittaker Chambers's Farm Is Proposed for Landmark'

'WESTMINSTER, MD., March 20 (AP)—The National Park Service has proposed landmark status for the farm of Whittaker Chambers . . . The nomination of the site grew out of President Reagan's

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interest in Chambers, whose writings had a 'deep impact' on Mr. Reagan, according to the chief White House speechwriter, Anthony Dolan.

"The landmark designation . . . would provide the property with a plaque [as with] more than 1,800 other sites, from ships to presidential homes, with national historical value."

I meant, in the simplest terms, to take [my two children] to the soil as one of the few sound realities left in life that they might grow into and grow out of, and which, whatever forays into the world they might later make, they would never finally leave. I meant to found a line rooted in a particular spot of the earth which they would make their own by that effort of their lives they put into it by working it, and which their children's children would inherit by right of that energy of their lives which they had sown, like seed, in it. In the twentieth century, no purpose could well have been more deliberately unrealistic. Every energy which my intelligence told me was shaping the future was against it. No man could have been more conscious of that unreality.

—Whittaker Chambers, *Cold Friday*

". . . John Chambers, who has lived at Pipe Creek Farm off and on since he was two years old, said that maintaining the land as a working farm was his way of paying tribute to his father's conversion to a simple life of manual labor, expressed in the volume *Cold Friday*."

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

This is friendly advice:

In the early days of *Firing Line* you had the habit of holding a pencil in front of your lips when talking, which made it hard to understand what you said. You have ended that, but of late you tend to speak in a low voice and in an offhand manner, letting your voice fall toward the end of a statement, making it hard to understand.

That is unfortunate, because you have important things to say, and they should get over to the listeners. Please put more energy into your speech. You can speak as clearly and forcefully as Caspar Weinberger, if you try.

Cordially,
Edgar Bissantz
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Dear Mr. Bissantz: Thanks for the tip. Will try to reform. Cordially,
WFB

☐ **Notice to Our Readers:** Yes, we have more copies of the Q&A on SDI ("Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Star Wars," April 1, 1988), at a dollar apiece. It is, in our opinion and that of many of you, the best roundup available on the most important policy issue of 1988. Help yourselves: and your friends, and legislators. (Write to NATIONAL REVIEW, Box SDI, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Bulk prices on request.)

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

We had some correspondence with you before on the matter of life expectancy, and you seemed—finally—to understand it. But now you've gone back to believing that life expectancy *at birth* means the average length of life, which it doesn't. At birth the figure is affected by infant and child mortality, and that's why it was lower in the past than it is now. By age ten, the life-expectancy figures took big jumps, and by age sixty there was very little difference between those born in 1940 and those born in 1980—we're speaking in terms of *projected* life expectancies, since none of these people, obviously, have yet reached age sixty!

A man born in 1940 had a life expectancy *at birth* of just under 63 years; by age sixty he could expect to live, under current conditions, to almost 75. A woman born in 1940 had a life expectancy of 67; by age sixty the new projections would bring her

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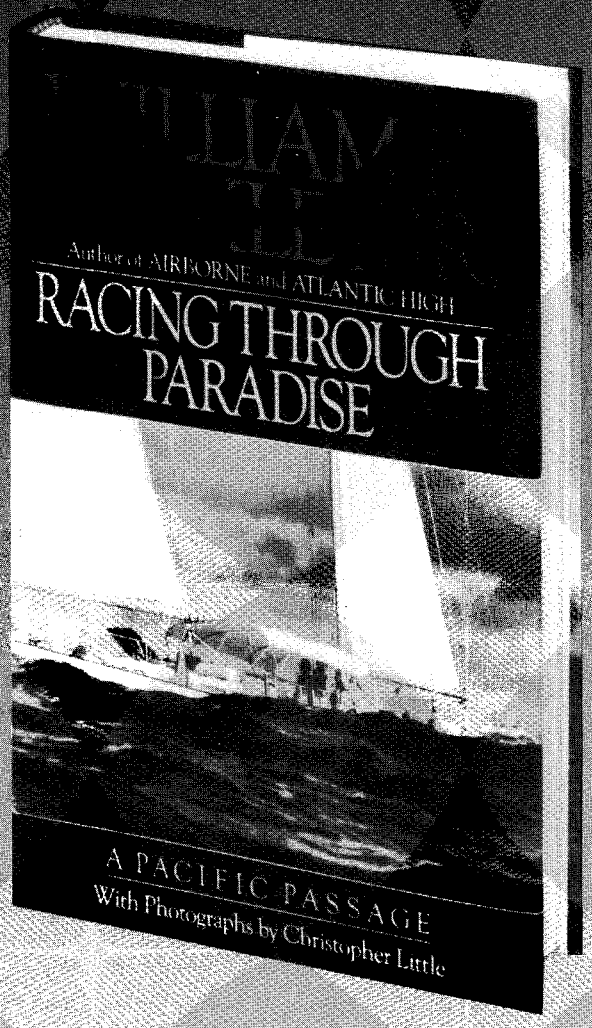
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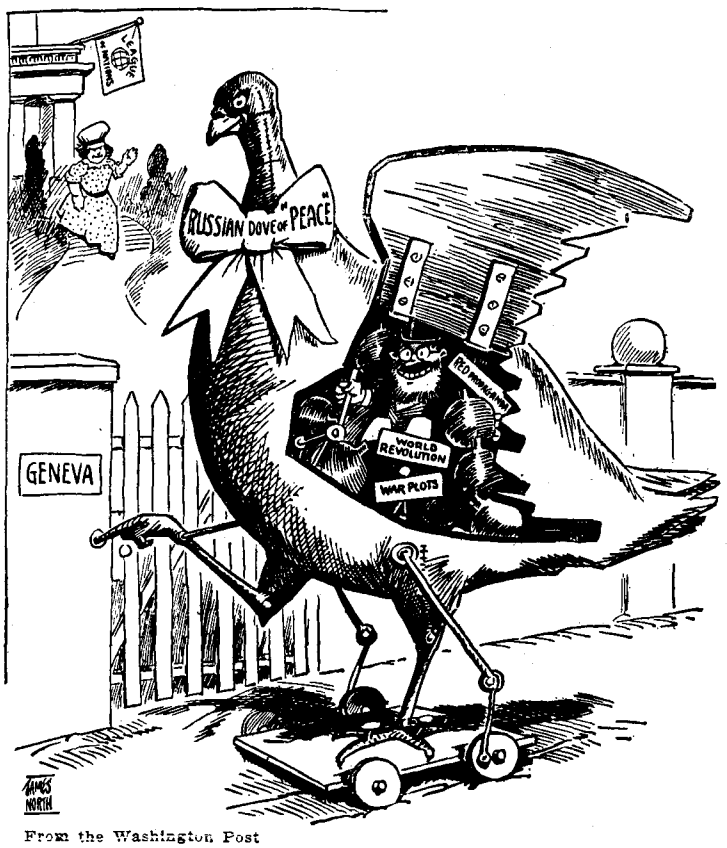

From the Washington Post

The Trojan Dove

to 77. In 1980 the figures at birth were 70.5 for males, 78 for females. By age sixty the projections become 77 for men, 82 for women. Thus between 1940 and 1980 men have actually gained only about two years in projected life expectancy; women have gained five years (that is, by age sixty). For men the figures are too slight to be significant; women have done quite a bit better. But not so much that it can be said to be a vastly greater life span, as so many people think.

We're certain that it really isn't true, as you said, that in 1940 anyone could retire at 62 with reduced benefits. That change came much later, though we can't say for sure exactly when. We'd have to check it out with Social Security officials and that would take forever, so we aren't going to bother. But the original (well, amended actually—the first was in 1936) Social Security Act, which went into effect in 1940, didn't permit early retirement. You had to be 65 years old.

At the present time Social Security is said to be operating in the black and is expected to stay that way until the Baby Boom generation reaches retirement age. Thus, any reduction in benefits *now* would only be "on paper" reductions in the overall budget deficit. Indeed, if Social Security were taken out of the Unified Federal Budget (as it's scheduled to be in 1993) the true size of the deficit would be greater than it now appears.

Medical science has done wonders in reducing infant and child mortality, but advances after that haven't added as many years as you think. And the inept coping with AIDS will undoubtedly *reduce* quite a few life spans directly and will change the life-expectancy projections quite drastically in the future.

Sincerely,
Frances Frech
Director, Population Renewal Office
Kansas City, Mo.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I thought you might be interested in the enclosed cartoon, which I found in an old copy of the *National Republic* magazine (Jan. 1928, p. 13). As a high-school teacher of U.S. History who seeks to bring an objective sensitivity to the past to his students (I tell them about *Harvest of Despair*, among other things), I am always looking for primary-source material. The relevance of this cartoon to the present is clear. *Déjà vu*?

Keep up the good work, and I'll try to keep a fire going in this remote (but relatively sane) corner of public-schooldom.

Sincerely,
Charles Cochran
Social Science Department
Fargo South High School
Fargo, N.D.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

It may seem inconsequential, but in the interest of setting *all* records straight I am bound to call to your attention an inaccuracy in your column "State-Loving GOP." John Dillinger was a bank robber, prison-break artist and congenital desperado who caught the public's fancy in the hard times of the Depression in the same way as had Jesse James during the Reconstruction—but he was *not* a killer and was never charged as such. In fact, Dillinger was unarmed when FBI agents shot him to death in Chicago in what amounted to a coldblooded execution and was the beginning of the "J. Edgar Hoover, tough crime-fighter" legend. For your purposes such Dillinger contemporaries as "Baby Face" Nelson or Vincent "Mad Dog" Coll would have made for more accurate examples.

Forgive my temerity, but *somebody* has to edit the editors.

Tom Garlock
Knoxville, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Garlock: Okay, okay. But some myths are more fun than some historical facts, no? Cordially,
—WFB

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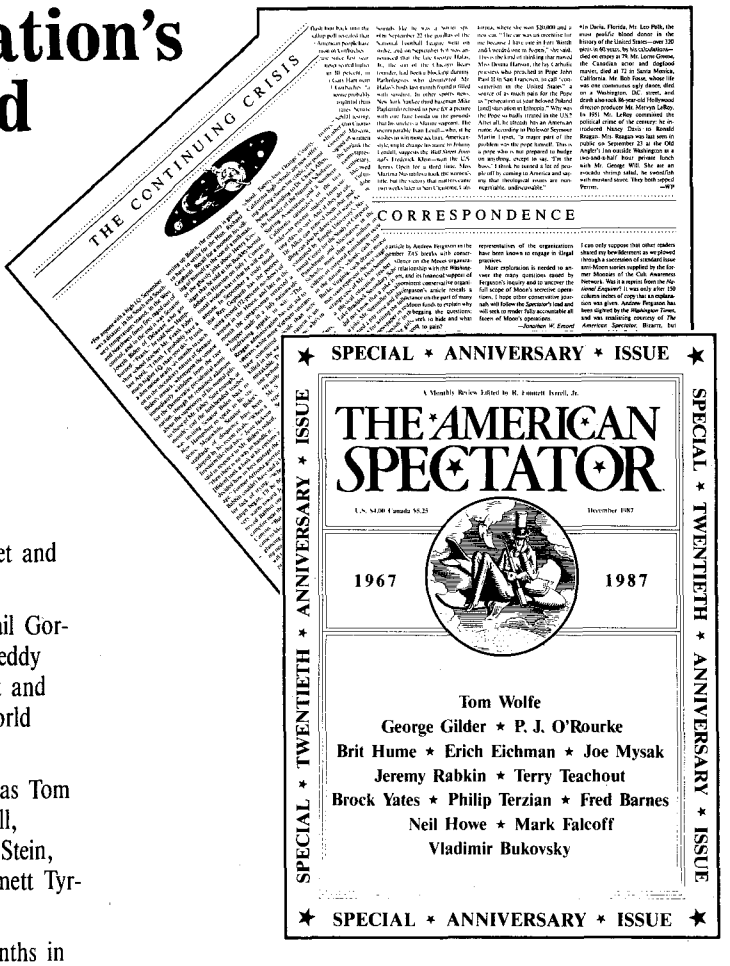
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HELPING GORBACHEV MAKE IT

THE U.S. is clearly taking sides, albeit quietly, in the internal power struggle now going on in the Soviet Union. In the Communist Party Plenum coming up in June, Gorbachev faces tough sledding. Foes of *glasnost* and *perestroika* believe he is moving too fast and too far; they intend to slow him down, perhaps permanently. Afghanistan is a case in point. Gorbachev's apparent willingness to engineer withdrawal on flimsy terms—without a guarantee of a pro-Soviet government in Kabul—alarms Soviet hawks, who see Afghanistan ending ignominiously for the USSR.

The NATO Summit meeting in Brussels this month provided one piece of evidence that the Administration is taking an active interest in Gorbachev's future. On the surface, President Reagan's mission in Brussels seemed simple enough. NATO leaders, concerned about the imbalance between Warsaw Pact and NATO conventional forces, especially in the wake of the INF treaty, needed reassurance. Reagan provided it.

But NATO leaders are not the only ones worried about the implications of the INF accord. Hawks within the Politburo view as a blunder Gorbachev's decision to consider the French and British nuclear arsenals outside the scope of that accord, thus leaving the Warsaw Pact vulnerable to Allied nuclear arsenals in a future confrontation. In support of their view, Soviet hawks have been able to cite public statements by Margaret Thatcher and François Mitterrand pledging continued support for an independent nuclear arsenal. In fact, Mrs. Thatcher has gone further than the French, caught as they are in a presidential campaign. She has urged *increased* numbers of nuclear weapons to counter the Soviet conventional advantage. So Reagan's reassurance of the Allies can be seen as serving a triple purpose: it calmed Western leaders, strengthened the now-dim prospects for an ICBM accord during the Moscow Summit in May, and buttressed Gorbachev.

As further evidence of a let's-help-Gorbachev-make-it policy, take Secretary of State Shultz's recent offer—reinforced in private meetings between Assistant Secretary of State Richard Murphy and Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze in Moscow—to include the Soviet Union in an international peace conference, his opening move toward a larger Middle East peace plan. The idea of an international conference has been floating around in official circles for almost two years without finding a safe harbor. Suddenly it has become the official policy of the United States. Participation in a Mideast peace conference satisfies one of the key demands of the Soviet Union—to be taken seriously as a legitimate world power.

For that very reason, it constitutes a breath-taking change of vector for the Administration. At least since Nasser threw the Soviets out of Egypt, one aim of U.S. policy in the Middle East has been to limit Russian influence in the region. This was the larger strategic aim behind the opening moves in the Iran-Contra affair, and it still fuels U.S. interest in Ayatollah Khomeini's successor. It is the principal reason why the U.S. provided Navy escorts to reflagged Kuwaiti tankers in the Persian Gulf. And yet, having denied the Soviets the back door into the Mideast, Reagan is now opening the front door—a move that cannot have been undertaken lightly.

Another entry in the strengthen-Gorbachev tally relates to the nationalist riots in Azerbaijan, the Soviet "republic" bordering on Iran and the staging ground for the confrontation that began the cold war 42 years ago. Soviet Azerbaijanis are now demanding an enlargement of their internal borders within the Soviet Union, an event neatly symmetrical with Stalin's 1945 attempt, using the fulcrum of Azerbaijani nationalism, to enlarge the USSR's external borders by annexing Iran's Azerbaijan region—the opening wedge in the enduring rift between the postwar superpowers. Now, the Achilles heel of the USSR is the unsteady control a soon-to-be minority of Russians maintains over a majority of some one hundred diverse non-Russian ethnic and nationality groups. American radio broadcasts into the Soviet Union have long attempted to exploit this weakness by encouraging the Marxist melting pot to boil over. But during the recent Azerbaijan affair the U.S. showed uncommon restraint. The contrast with our exploitation of independence celebrations in the Baltic states of Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia just last year was pointed. In that instance, American foreign broadcasts encouraged nationalist demonstrations, even advertising when and where protestors against Soviet rule should meet for rallies. The difference in our reaction is striking enough to require an explanation—the likeliest one being, once again, that Party Plenum in June.

Tilting His Way

TRUE, the Brussels Summit, the Mideast peace proposal, and the Azerbaijan affair constitute only circumstantial evidence. But collectively, don't these episodes suggest a watershed departure from long-standing U.S. policy? A pro-Gorbachev tilt by the White House and State Department is clearly under way, whether *de facto* only, or also *de jure*. If the tilt is successful, the implications will be historic: there will be a Soviet leader who owes his success in large part to the United States. It will also be historic if it fails. Then Gorbachev's triumphant opponents are not likely to forget the U.S. efforts to engineer their defeat at the hands of pro-*glasnost*, pro-*perestroika* forces. □

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BRITAIN'S HEALTH SERVICE: A CAUTIONARY TALE

Crisis, or at least uproar, threatens to overwhelm Britain's National Health Service. Justifiable concern has been exaggerated by the media, by the Conservative government's political enemies, and by doctors' and nurses' organizations into something like hysteria. Dramatic headlines ("Health Service on Verge of Collapse, Say Top Doctors"), angry feature articles, and tear-jerking television programs have been appearing literally every day. Babies waiting for postponed hole-in-the-heart operations have been paraded in front of the cameras. Nurses, urged on by politicized unions, have engaged in 24-hour strikes, not only in pursuit of more money for themselves and for the Health Service generally, but against the privatization of hospital cleaning and catering services. Delegations of doctors have lobbied the government: and the Labour Party, scenting blood, has eagerly adopted their cause.

Columns of letters to the press condemn the government's heartlessness in imposing "cash-limited budgets" (as though there could be any other kind) on caring doctors and nurses. Opinion polls declare overwhelmingly that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should use any surplus cash for the Health Service rather than for tax cuts. (Who would be so selfish as to give a pollster the opposite answer?) In a typical radio program, doctors, nurses, patients, trade unionists, and an opposition spokesman were interviewed, with, for balance, a member of the government protesting that a lot more money was already being spent on the Health Service. There was no one to speak in favor of lower taxes.

Margaret Thatcher has responded to these waves of assault by stubbornly repeating that her government has increased expenditure on the Health Service by more than 30 per cent—after allowing for inflation—and that more doctors and nurses are now employed and more patients being treated than ever before. Labour Members of Parliament don't deny the statistics: they simply yell "No, no," "Absurd," and "Stupid woman," rightly assessing that this is an emotional rather than a factual issue. Ironically the Secretary of State for Health was absent, for a while, from these parliamentary exchanges because he was in hospital himself. A private hospital, naturally. Very few senior politicians, Labour or Conservative, choose to be cared for under the National Health Service: and those who do are cosseted in a way quite different from the ordinary patient's experience.

For emergencies and in such advanced techniques as transplant surgery, the NHS provides treatment as good as any in the world, and at no cost to the patient. What's lamentable are its everyday arrangements. Many hospitals, including some of the most famous, are appallingly squalid: waiting lists for non-urgent operations—hip replacements are a notorious example—commonly extend to months and not infrequently to years. Operations are postponed at the last minute because beds, theater time, or specialist nurses are not available. Doctors' offices are crowded, consultations are perfunctory, and equipment is lacking that in America would be taken for granted.

The NHS is the biggest employer in Europe (except for the Soviet army): and yet there are chronic staff shortages. More and more money has been poured into it: and yet shortage of money is blamed for the closure of wards, departments, whole hospitals. These puzzles can be explained. Extra funds have indeed been provided, well ahead of inflation, but medical costs have increased faster still. New equipment and drugs are expensive. So is an aging population. And because wages have outstripped prices, and hospitals are labor-intensive, much of the money has gone straight into the pockets of the staff.

The NHS, like every nationalized industry, also groans beneath tiers of administration and piles of paperwork, and has been vulnerable to the self-serving obstructionism of the public-sector unions. Between 1973 and 1986, in England alone (as distinct from Wales and Scotland), the nursing staff increased from 273,000 to 344,000, and the clerical and administrative staff from 79,000 to 106,000, while the number of hospital beds fell from 406,000 to 345,000. At St. Thomas's Hospital in London there are three administrators for every doctor. Matrons have become "chief nursing officers," and the old disciplines have been lost. Some regions are much more efficient than others, but national wage-bargaining has produced local staff shortages, and a central policy of redistributing resources has taken money away from cherished neighborhood hospitals and from centers of excellence.

All these factors are less important, however, than one basic truth which is only now starting to be acknowledged. The demand for medical services free to the user—services that range from simple reassurance and a prescription for tranquilizers to geriatric care and advanced surgery—is virtually unlimited: but there must always be a limit to the available supply. The NHS could consume the entire gross national product and still leave people unsatisfied.

As Barbara Young, president of the

Mr. Lejeune, NR's longtime London correspondent, is the author of, most recently, the novel Strange and Private War.

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Institute of Health Management, told the Institute's annual conference, "The reality that Health Service resources cannot and will never meet all demands, and that therefore some form of rationing is inevitable, is still fudged by politicians of all parties." Waiting lists are one form of rationing. Others are more direct. The NHS has nowhere near enough renal-dialysis machines, so a committee quietly decides who shall live and who shall die, weighing up the patients' age, general health, family circumstances, and, most controversially and least admitted, "social value." The Office of Health Economics estimated that some 1,230 people a year below the age of 65 were dying for lack of dialysis or transplant facilities.

More impersonal life-and-death decisions have to be taken too. Should the available resources be used for heroic procedures which lengthen a few lives or for undramatic treatments which improve the quality of many lives? In a centralized National Health Service such decisions must ultimately be political. But because nobody has wanted to face the dilemmas, they are never rationally discussed.

The good thing about the present hullabaloo is that it may have broken the impasse. The NHS is the welfare state's most sacred cow, which no politician has dared seriously to question. Even Mrs. Thatcher, however radical she likes to appear in her approach to other economic problems, felt obliged to say defensively, during two election campaigns: "The National Health Service is safe in our hands."

Like anyone else who has extrapolated the mismatch of supply and demand into an even more difficult future, Mrs. Thatcher knew perfectly well that something had to be done, but, with several other controversial policies already in the parliamentary schedule, she had intended leaving this trickiest problem of all until after another election, which the Conservatives may or may not win, in four years' time. She has now changed her mind. She believes that the public is ready to see the problem tackled, indeed that tackling it has become a political necessity. So she has instituted a survey of possible options, which she hopes to have ready for discussion later this year. By agitating so loudly, the champions of socialized medicine may have opened the door to just the kind of changes they dread.

THE NHS was born in the aftermath of the Second World War, when people were accustomed to the rationing of scarce commodities, expectations were low, choice was minimal, and collectivism and controls were in fashion. It bears the hallmark of that period still.

The founders of the NHS believed, with astonishing naïveté, that its cost would actually diminish over time. Once the backlog of ailments had been cleared up, a healthy nation would need little more than care and maintenance. Instead of which, the cost has grown relentlessly. It is true, as those demanding more money earnestly point out, that Britain today spends proportionately less on health care than most Western European countries, let alone the United States: but the comparison is misleading. Those other countries do not have Britain's system of totally free treatment at the time of use, and the difference in spending is mainly attributable to money paid by individuals, directly or through insurance premiums, for their own or their families' health care.

In Britain some 8 per cent of the population is covered by private health insurance: another 2 per cent of the population uses the private sector uninsured. The medical bills and insurance premiums are not tax-deductible; nor—an extraordinary piece of bureaucratic injustice—are these people entitled, when being treated privately, to the virtually free drugs that NHS patients receive. They are, in effect, paying twice for their treatment. The current cost of the ostensibly "free" NHS comes to about £500 a head per year, £2,000 for a family of four. If people could spend that money as individuals, supplementing it as necessary, many more would certainly choose private care.

The collectivists who created the NHS expected the private sector simply to die out. They had allowed it to survive chiefly as a sop to the reluctant medical profession, which was blackmailed into joining the new scheme. In fact, the private sector has not only survived but flourished. The British Medical Association, however, has veered, and is now unequivocally in favor of a tax-funded Health Service. Four decades of propaganda have worked. The National Health Service, the British people were constantly told, was "the envy of the world," and they believed it, doctors and patients alike, without wondering why the world seemed in no hurry to copy Britain. They also believed, having little or no personal experience of any other system, that all other countries, and the United States in particular, suffered terribly from the lack of adequate

(Continues on page 56)

Susanne Forestieri

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THE BIG SCORE

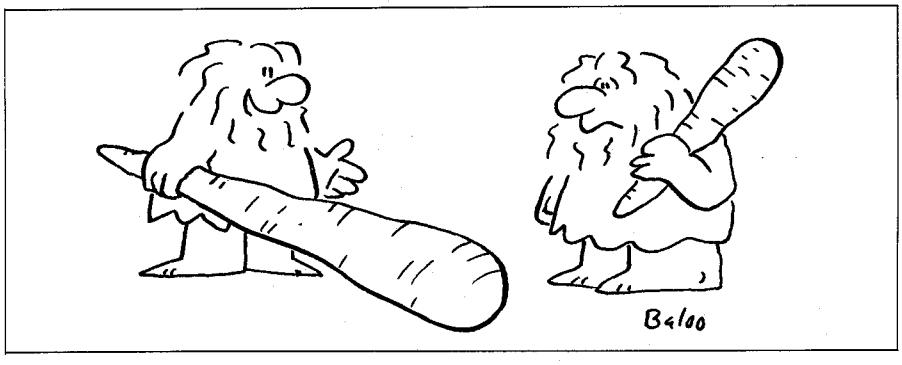
I WATCHED the holy war winding down. The week before the fateful Tuesday, Pat Robertson was in Miami; the moon waxed; the bugs chirped; and the crusaders made their way through the mild, moist night air to the Dade County auditorium to hear their man.

It was a heavily Cuban crowd. One of the notables on the stage was Ernesto de la Fe, recently sprung after 25 years in Castro's jails (the reporter *NR* sent to cover his arrest was John Leonard). The only prominent Anglo in the group was former New Hampshire governor Meldrim Thomson—old, small, upright, and the only one in the house who put his hand over his heart during the National Anthem. After the ceremonies and the introductions, Robertson rolled out his stump speech, which I had heard in New Hampshire a month earlier. The gaps and pauses that had hobbled it there were now filled with wild, roaring applause.

This audience was not disposed to chide him for Boner Number One—the charge that there are still Soviet missiles in Cuba. To the national media, Robertson seemed to have OD'd on recent spy fiction. I would not be astounded, actually, to learn that Robertson's charge was somewhere near the truth. He bungled the matter, though, by offering as evidence only a handful of factoids; then by saying, in response to grunts of denial from the White House, that, after all, Reagan hadn't been to Cuba to check it out himself—suggesting that Robertson would be a very busy President.

Still to come was Boner Two, the assertion that the Bush campaign timed the Swaggart scandal to embarrass him before March 8. This was my favorite, for it conjured up a striking image: George Bush, huddled in the parking lot of a motel, snapping pictures of a tongue-speaker and a whore. Boner Three was the graceless exit from the libel suit against liberal ex-congressman Pete McCloskey, who had accused Robertson of boasting that his senator father had gotten him out of combat duty in the Korean War. Robertson is "chickening out," McCloskey crowed, "just like he chickened out 37 years ago." Robertson said the trial, set for Super Tuesday, would have taken too much time from campaigning. But his ill-timed retreat lent plausibility to McCloskey's gloating.

Robertson can still win in retail situations, as he showed in Washington late Super Tuesday night. When he calls caucus voters from the vasty deep, they come. The best guess is that he will continue to accumulate them all the way till June (there are seven states with Republican caucuses remaining). Robertson has actually suffered from suddenly inflated expectations. He has done much better than anyone had expected before Iowa. When the shouting subsides, Robertsonites will be lodged in the Republican machinery of numerous states—a prospect George Bush would do well to ponder.



"Don't worry—I have a 'no first use' policy."

NEXT MORNING, the students of Florida International University got a chance to ponder George Bush. Bush spoke to a class in international relations, then went to a rally in a sunny concrete well of a plaza.

It was an amiable crowd—not like the pro-Reagan feeding frenzies on campuses in 1984, but genially on Bush's side. Bush stuck out awkwardly, even admirably—in the way that one respects in Quentin Crisp, the Amish, anyone resolutely out of sync. Above him, the sun beamed in a blue morning sky. Before him, the kids shouted, already half naked in shorts and short sleeves. At his side was Governor Martinez (Bush has run down the home stretches of several states under the whips of Republican governors)—black-haired, Hispanic, a head shorter than the guest of honor. Bush stood in his charcoal suit, light blue shirt, and striped tie, looking like a transplanted tree.

Bush's Southern handlers, reckoning that he was on a roll out of New Hampshire, waged a cautious campaign. After victory, the stump speech would be taken in for re-tooling. The most wrong-headed section in it—treaties through strength—is sure to stay, for that represents Reagan-Bush orthodoxy. Bush also hewed to Reaganism in more agreeable ways, pledging to hold the line on taxes, and rejecting protectionist blandishments.

If I had made my trip to Miami a day earlier, I would have caught Bob Dole. I didn't exert myself. Perhaps this was the same journalistic hubris we deplore in Tom Brokaw, but I had

(Continues on page 57)

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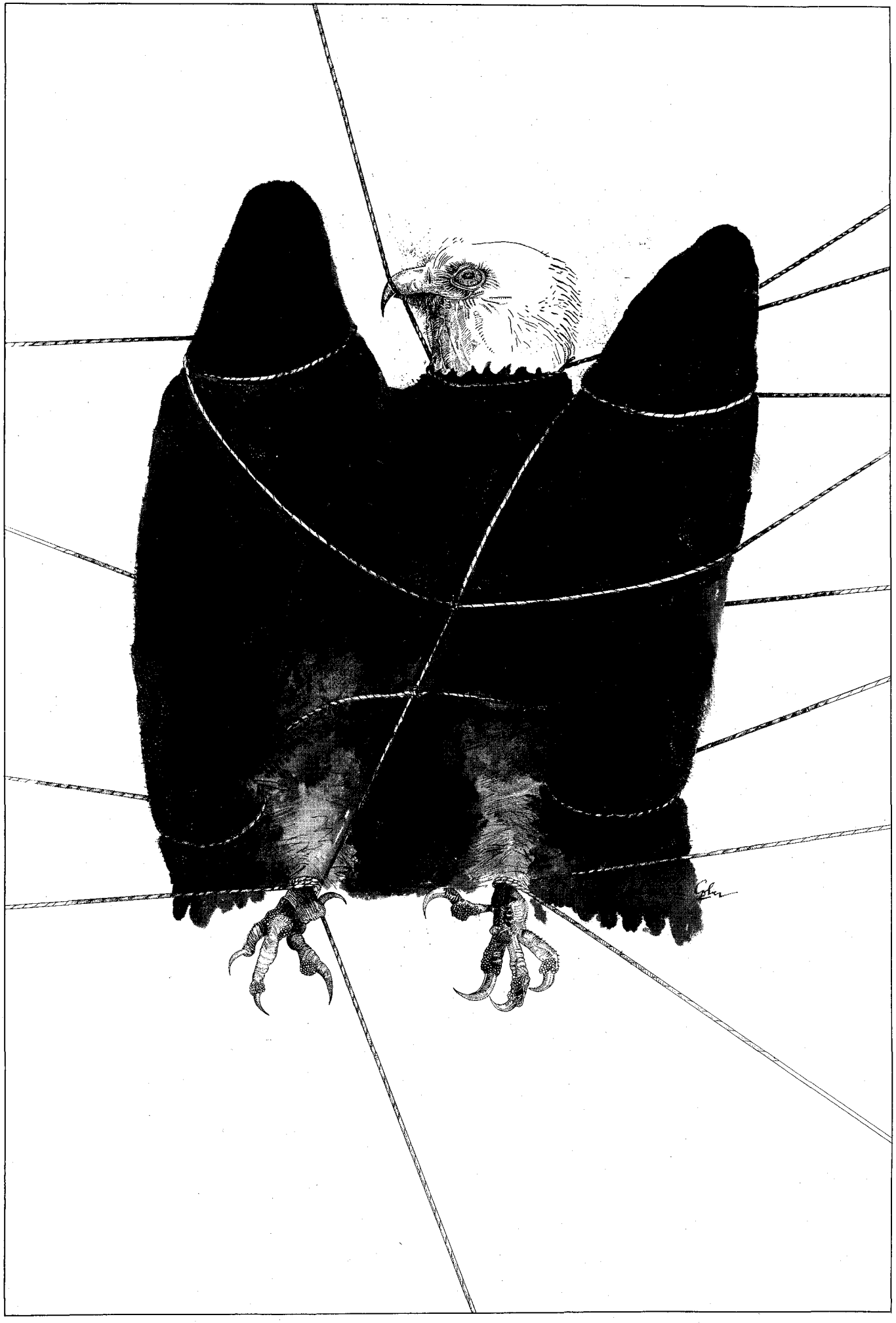

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AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS QUESTION WHY FREE ENTERPRISE DOESN'T APPLY TO AMERICAN BANKS.

Recently, the 13,500 members of the National Association of Manufacturers publicly declared that existing banking law must change.

They called for repeal of the Glass-Steagall Act, the 1933 law which erected an artificial barrier between commercial and investment banking. The law which restrains America's commercial banks from competing in today's radically changed financial environment.

Why on earth would a textile manufacturer in North Carolina or a steel company in Ohio care about banks?

"Competition will stimulate new and innovative services, and produce lower costs in the financial markets. Manufacturers have borne additional cost because of artificial constraints."

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MANUFACTURERS BOARD OF DIRECTORS

The N.A.M.'s raison d'être is to promote American business, and healthy competition. But clearly, like every other user of financial services, they stand to benefit from banks competing as equal players in the industry.

Manufacturers are hardly alone in questioning the value of Glass-Steagall restraints. Momentum for deregulation is ever-increasing, with supporters drawn from rather diverse sources: legislators, regulators, academicians, the media, the Administration, and naturally, America's banks.

An astonishing 77% of business executives in nonfinancial firms support repeal, according to a recent Senate banking committee survey.

What could account for such an overwhelming consensus?

"The consumer loses, denied the benefits of full competition..."

ROBERT E. LITAN, SENIOR ECONOMIC FELLOW THE BROOKINGS INSTITUTE

When the Congress of 1933 thrust a wall between underwriting and lending, it could never have foreseen how profoundly financial markets would change. How the law would lock banks out of supplying what others in financial services can routinely provide. Or how such restraint would leave nearly 65% of this country's corporate debt and equity underwriting in the hands of just five investment banks.

Or how hamstringing commercial banks would make the U.S. woefully uncompetitive in a world marketplace.

"It seems inevitable that institutional deregulation will eventually arrive in the United States....However, the longer Glass-Steagall restrictions are kept in place, the more my own country stands to benefit."

DAVID WALKER, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR THE BANK OF ENGLAND

It is rather telling that some of the most vocal arguments for repeal come from the leaders of the federal agencies charged with protecting bank safety and soundness. The Federal Reserve Board Chairman. The U.S. Comptroller of Currency. The F.D.I.C.

So much for the unfounded fears that allowing bank holding companies to operate securities subsidiaries would mean increased risk for bank depositors.

Quite surprising, however, is backing from another source:

"...if one discounts those attempting to protect themselves from ever-increasing competition, there is an overwhelming consensus for restructuring the financial services industry."

JOHN G. HEIMANN, VICE CHAIRMAN MERRILL LYNCH CAPITAL MARKETS

Though there is such dissent in the ranks, the only major camp opposing deregulation is the Securities Industry Association—the lobby charged with protecting the investment banks' turf. Their opposition is scarcely unexpected.

The real barrier remains inertia. Undertaking reform of the financial services industry is a difficult task. But today, it is an essential one.

"We now have an historic opportunity to put the financial system on a sounder footing...to make it more responsive to consumer needs, more efficient, more competitive in the world economy, and equally important, more stable."

ALAN GREENSPAN, CHAIRMAN FEDERAL RESERVE BOARD

It's time to overhaul our nation's outmoded banking laws.

Chase believes the customers of America's banks have been denied the benefits of free enterprise for far too long.

Let banks compete.

INERTIA IS FAR MORE DANGEROUS THAN CHANGE

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Mea Maxima Culpa?

TOM BETHELL

In his recent encyclical, *Sollicitudo Rei Socialis*, Pope John Paul II several times asserts that the great "hopes for development" in the Third World expressed by his predecessor Pope Paul VI in *Populorum Progressio* have not been realized in the two decades since that earlier encyclical was published. In fact, says John Paul, those hopes "today appear very far from being realized."

He is right about that, and a glance back at the recommendations of Paul's encyclical may help explain why things didn't work out as hoped. As John Paul notes, the "novel character" of *Populorum Progressio* helped win it great acclaim in 1967—notably from left-wing development economists such as Barbara Ward. Not all later critics have been as kind. The encyclical was denounced by P. T. Bauer, the well-known critic of mainstream development economics, as "immoral." Lord Bauer (as he now is) considered the encyclical to be "incompetent" because it gave rise to policies "directly at variance with the declared sentiments and objectives" of the document. Furthermore, it encouraged the notion "that envy can be legitimate." Its main theme, said Bauer, was that economic differences, "consistently termed inequalities, reflect injustice."

John Paul II was of course obliged to be polite about his predecessor's encyclical. But it is worth noting that in *Sollicitudo Rei Socialis* there is almost no mention of the "novel" economic measures explicitly endorsed by Paul VI. Central planning, for example. "It is for the public authorities to establish and lay down the desired goals, the plans to be followed, and the methods to be used in fulfilling them," Paul VI wrote. Experts, "eminent specialists," "the deep thought and reflections of wise men in search of a new humanism" were pressed upon us. "Studies must be defined, methods and means must be chosen, and the work of select men must be coordinated; only then will present needs be met and future demands coordinated." *Populorum Progressio* was a document not so much of the people as for the planners.

"Individual good will" was disparaged as inadequate. "Individual initiative alone" wouldn't do at all. "We cannot proceed to increase the wealth and power of the rich while we entrench the needy in their poverty and add to the woes of the oppressed."

The "reign of technology—*technocracy*, as it is called—can cause as much harm to the world of tomorrow as liberalism did to the world of yesteryear." (Classical liberalism, that was.)

The "principle of free trade" was adjudged "no longer adequate for regulating international agreements." Moreover, "market prices that are *freely* agreed upon can turn out to be most unfair." In short, the "fundamental tenet of liberalism [i.e., consent] as the norm for market dealings is open to serious question."

The "rich man" should be prepared "to pay higher taxes so that public authorities may expand their efforts in the work of development." He might even have to "emigrate from his homeland if necessary and if he is young, in order to help the emerging nations."

"Haughty pride in one's own nation" was denigrated. Far nobler was "a love for the whole family of man."

In summary: "the superfluous goods of wealthier nations ought to be placed at the disposal of poorer nations." "We must begin to work together to build the common future of the human race." "The world situation requires the concerted effort of everyone." "When work is done in common . . . it brings together and firmly unites the wills, minds, and hearts of men."

It really was that bad—a socialist document through and through. According to a doctoral dissertation by Matthew Habiger, OSB, *Populorum Progressio* was actually written by three Vatican clerics (one of whom died in the middle of writing it). The most charitable surmise is that Paul VI simply signed the thing without understanding its implications. Central planning, after all, leads straight to tyranny, as Friedrich Hayek and others have pointed out, and as experience has amply confirmed. To the extent that the recommendations of *Populorum Progressio* were implemented, then, the subsequent failure of Third World development is also explained.

John Paul II's *Sollicitudo Rei Socialis* is a very different affair. It is in general far more abstract—and not easy reading by any means. Apparently it was written by John Paul himself. His unhappy penchant is for abstract nouns which shunt one another across the page like awkwardly coupled flatcars. For example, he writes that the Church's social doctrine is "not an ideology" but rather (and here we go down the track) "the accurate formulation of the results of a careful reflection on the complex realities of human existence, in society and in the international order, in the light of faith and of the Church's tradition."

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The good news is that such economic specifics as it does contain are on the whole sensible and very different from Paul VI's. John Paul, for example, advocates "the reform of the international trade system, which is mortgaged to protectionism and increasing bi-lateralism." The Pope here seems to be restoring free trade to good favor in the Vatican.

In the next paragraph he wins the support of the fixed-exchange-rate people, if not the monetarists, by writing: "The world monetary and financial system is marked by an excessive fluctuation of exchange rates and interest rates, to the detriment of the balance of payments and the debt situation of the poorer countries." Jack Kemp would give the Pope an "A" for that.

John Paul goes on to support "technology transfer" to developing countries, which is sensible enough. George Gilder would have added that trying to ensnare high-tech products in regulations meant to prevent them from reaching the Soviets is counterproductive.

The Pope even suggests—tentatively, to be sure—that "the International Organizations" (hitherto hallowed in the Vatican) "seem to be at a stage of their existence when their operating methods, operating costs, and effectiveness need careful review and possible correction." That was tactfully put, but the mere existence of such sentiments in a papal document, however diplomatically expressed, might surprise Lord Bauer, frequent scourge of the World Bank.

Perhaps most important, the Pope stresses that what is needed "above all" is "a spirit of initiative on the part of the countries which need it . . . not expecting everything from the more favored countries." Each must do what it can do best. "Each must make itself capable of initiatives responding to its own needs as a society." Some nations "need to reform certain unjust structures, and in particular their political institutions, in order to replace corrupt, dictatorial, and authoritarian forms of government by democratic and participatory ones." He supports "autonomy" and "free self-determination."

It might, perhaps, have pained John Paul to read Paul VI's comment about "haughty pride in one's own nation." As he has shown on his travels, this Pope likes nothing more than to don native gear in far-off places. In sharp contrast to Paul VI he encourages "the right of every people to its own identity." Indeed, the spirit of his encyclical is far more democratic and (in a good sense) egalitarian than Paul's. He is also less enthusiastic about experts, and rightly so.

Karl Swanson

In another welcome innovation, John Paul repudiates the idea that development "is as it were automatic," as though "the human race were able to progress rapidly toward an undefined perfection of some kind." Such an assumption about progress (deriving, as the Pope says, from the Enlightenment) has indeed been embedded in socialist economic treatises for two centuries, and has also lurked, unstated, at the core of World Bank, IMF, and UN development theory. It is encouraging that the Pope has noticed and dismissed this false idea of progress. "A naïve mechanistic optimism has been replaced by a well-founded anxiety for the fate of humanity," he writes.

All this is to the good. The bad news, as I see it, is that the Pope has completely failed to grasp the idea of economic production and the political institutions that must be in place if such production is to occur. He has seen, no doubt from Polish experience, that planning doesn't work and that experts can't work miracles. But he doesn't know what does work. Like his predecessor, he seems to think of production as somehow emerging from collective mass-mobilization. Development should be "shared in common," requires "united cooperation by all for the common good of the human race," is "either for all or for none," and entails the "collaboration of all." Such comments suggest what many in the West have not wanted to see, that the Pope is at heart a man of the Left. This has been largely disguised because he is also theologically orthodox —an unusual combination these days although it was once much more common among Christians.

The Pope disparages liberal capitalism, perhaps without seeing that the independence, autonomy, and individual initiative he wants to encourage point straight in the direction of liberal capitalism. (Perhaps we should call it something else). Like so many churchmen, the Pope seems to think that if some people are rich, it can only be at the expense of others who are poor. He writes of wealth almost as though it were manna from heaven, but falling disproportionately on "the North," whence it must be redistributed to "the South." The goods of this world, he repeatedly asserts, "were originally intended for all." (But what does this mean? Does it legitimize theft, for example?)

Clergymen, who live by redistribution, via the church plate, evidently find it very difficult to understand that new wealth doesn't just happen, it must be created. And this concept may be a particularly difficult one for someone from a Communist country, where new wealth really is not created, or at least not beyond the level of subsistence and the provision of armaments to preserve the ruling class in power.

I believe another reason why popes and cardinals have long had difficulty accepting liberal capitalism is that its non-hierarchical structure is alien to them. The hierarchical chain-of-command of Communism, with its Politburo and Party bosses, is far easier for Church authorities to grasp, with their analogous Curia and bishops. The traditional aristocratic order of Europe, with its kings and courts, has likewise been suspicious of capitalism, which is based not

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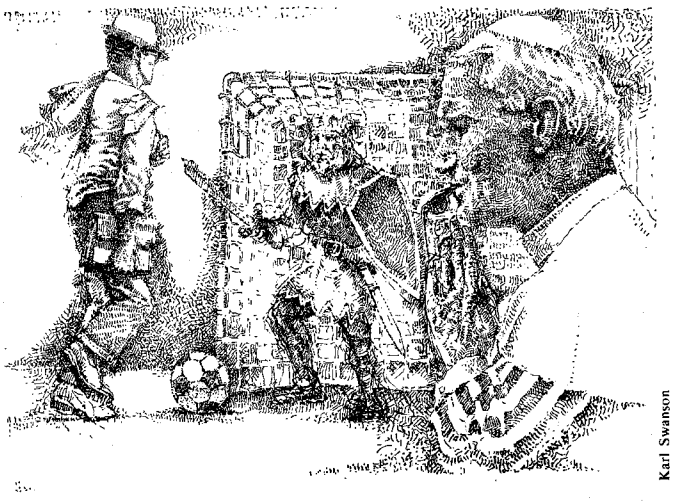

Karl Swanson

on status but on contract—an egalitarian institution. Capitalism, like soccer, can only be played on a level field and, like soccer, there is no guarantee that it will end in a tie.

PERHAPS THE WORST feature of the latest encyclical is the Pope's attribution of Third World poverty to the existence of two competing "blocs," capitalist and Marxist, promoting two "antithetical forms of the organization of labor and of the structures of ownership." Remarkably, John Paul imputes a pure moral equivalence to the two blocs, one seeking to destroy religion, the other at least tolerant of it. "It was inevitable that" the two blocs, "each with its own forms of propaganda and indoctrination," would soon enough "evolve into a growing military opposition," each "suspicious and fearful of the other." Both harbor a "tendency toward imperialism," and in their "exaggerated concern for security" they end up consuming the wealth meant for "peaceful peoples who are impeded from their rightful access to the goods meant for all."

Jim Wallis of *Sojourners* and other left-wing disarmament spokesmen could not have put it more plainly, and would probably not have put it any differently.

The Pope would of course have been perfectly justified in castigating the West on several grounds, notably abortion and our destructive (indeed imperialistic) population-control ideology—which the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops does nothing to oppose, incidentally. But to criticize the West for spending money to resist the expansion of a totalitarian, atheistic power seems to be beyond reason and more or less guarantees that the encyclical will not be taken seriously outside leftist circles.

It is possible, of course, that prudence governed papal thinking in writing about the Communist bloc. The Pope knows better than anyone else the relationship between church and state in those countries, where the Catholic Church exists on sufferance. Furthermore the Pope hoped (is still hoping?) to visit Moscow this year for the thousandth anniversary of Christianity within Russia. But if such considerations did indeed play a role, then the document is more political than pontifical and should be read as such.

As P. T. Bauer noted in his essay on ecclesiastical economics, it is odd to find clergymen preoccupied with material conditions "when the failure of material prosperity to secure happiness, satisfaction, and tranquillity is everywhere apparent." A far greater and more interesting challenge would be posed if the Pope were to criticize capitalism on the very ground of its material success, which tends to elevate earthly hopes above spiritual ones. Sports cars, ski resorts, expensive meals, and cosseted comfort tend to blot out thoughts of heaven and hell, whereas the materially hopeless conditions in Communist lands might well restore the afterlife as the focus of hope. A Christian case for Communism could perhaps be made on such grounds: not a good case, to be sure, but at least one that economists would be hard-pressed to argue with. (Marxists, of course, would disagree.)

By the same token, might not the Third World's economic failure be construed ultimately as a spiritual success? The Catholic Church has been growing most rapidly in Third World (especially African) countries, after all. It's the unremitting materialism of recent Vatican social documents that is so dismaying.

In fact the Pope does begin to suggest something along these lines. "There is a better understanding today," he writes, "that the mere accumulation of goods and services, even for the benefit of the majority, is not enough for the realization of human happiness." He comes to a "disconcerting conclusion": there is found to be something called "superdevelopment, which consists of an excessive availability of every kind of material goods for the benefit of certain social groups, easily making people slaves of 'possession' and of immediate gratification, with no other horizon than the multiplication or continual replacement of the things already owned with others still better."

This may be a more fruitful line of ecclesiastical or theological inquiry than the invidious international comparisons that have plagued Church documents in recent decades. I suspect it may also be the likely direction of future Vatican inquiry into the social question. Perhaps we may encourage such discussion with a few simple points: If it is economic development that clergymen want, then there is only one way they will get it: people must be free to make their own decisions, to own the goods that they create with their own labor, and to be free of the fear that their governments will expropriate what they produce, either by excessive taxation, currency devaluation, or outright violence. If they are not free of this fear, then they will produce very little. People must be granted secure property rights, the freedom of contract, and the rule of law (in which the laws apply equally to the governors and the governed).

With such institutions people will be immensely productive, and before very long they will no doubt be driving Chevies and saving up to buy Cadillacs. Then they will perhaps be in danger of forgetting about saving their souls. The real challenge for the Vatican under such circumstances will be to encourage both the liberty that is indispensable to material prosperity and the conscience that is indispensable to spiritual salvation.

A senior fellow at the Hoover Institution recently suggested that if the Pope dislikes capitalism so much, maybe he should stand on principle and refuse to accept our money. But given the Vatican's $56-million deficit in 1986, this is no doubt impracticable. Perhaps U.S. Catholics should more generously contribute to Peter's Pence. That would help with the deficit, but above all forestall the one truly horrendous and dispiriting idea in the encyclical: that the Church should consider selling off "superfluous church ornaments and costly furnishings." □

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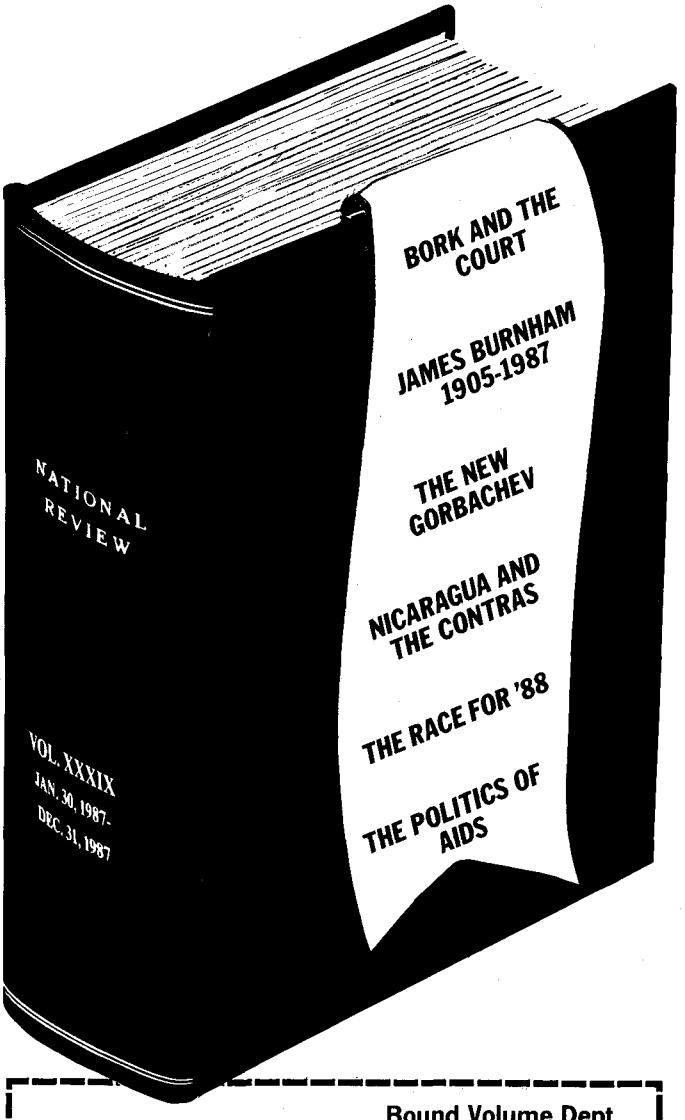

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SOUTH AFRICA IN THE MIND OF ISRAEL

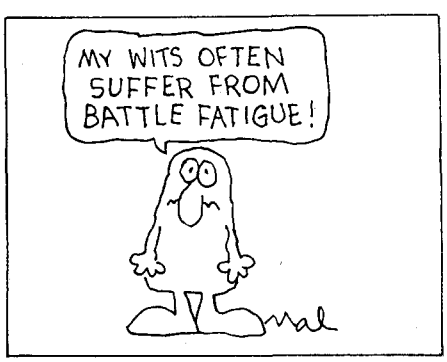
THE SCENE was familiar. Inside, a South African dance troupe was performing; outside, two dozen noisy protestors were picketing. Some of the demonstrators wore mock Ku Klux Klan outfits; others waved placards bearing anti-apartheid slogans. It could have been New York, or London, or Paris, except for one thing: across the street, an even larger contingent of counter-demonstrators had gathered to wave placards praising South Africa as a loyal ally. The place was Jerusalem, and the relative sizes of the rival demonstrations were evidence of a trend unheard of in Europe or America: a rising tide of grassroots sympathy for South Africa.

"There is a principle among Israelis that one does not abandon a friend in his hour of need," says Pinchas Gil, one of the leaders of the pro-South Africa rally. "South Africa has been Israel's friend, and this is her hour of need."

Demonstrator Yaakov Gorodetzky, an immigrant from the Soviet Union, explained his sympathy for South Africa as an outgrowth of his experience behind the Iron Curtain. "I do not favor apartheid," he says, "but I know what life is like under Communism, and I know how much worse it will be in South Africa if the Marxists take over." Gorodetzky is critical of "liberal hypocrites" who demand that Israel boycott South Africa but do not call for a similar boycott of the USSR. "Most Israelis," he says, "agree that we should resist this hypocrisy"; and, indeed, available statistics confirm that the Israeli public supports the Jerusalem-Pretoria alliance. A recent public-opinion survey found that 68 per cent of Israelis favor continued military and economic relations with South Africa. While tourism to South Africa from most countries has decreased sharply, tourism from Israel is actually increasing. Israeli flights to South Africa for the Passover holiday season last year were booked solid three months in advance on both South African Airways and El Al.

Israeli affinity for South Africa is in part a reaction to black Africa's rejection of Israel. During a massive aid program launched in the 1950s and 1960s, Israel sent more than 1,500 experts to Africa to provide agricultural, medical, and educational assistance; some nine thousand Africans were trained in Israel in a wide variety of fields; 11 black-African states received Israeli economic assistance, and ten were granted military aid. But when political pressure from Arab oil suppliers intensified following the 1967 Mideast war, eight African states quickly severed diplomatic relations with Israel. After the 1973 Arab-Israeli war, 22 more followed suit.

Israelis are not in the habit of turning the other cheek. After this series of diplomatic insults, Israel moved closer to South Africa. In the economic sphere, Israel began exporting chemicals, metals, machinery, and textiles to South Africa, while importing from it minerals, food, steel and iron products, and diamonds. The South Africa connection proved to be a major boon to Israel's defense industry. Pretoria's purchases have included rifles, mortars, radar stations, electronic surveillance equipment, patrol boats, gunboats, pilotless drone scouts, missiles, anti-terrorist alarm systems, and night-vision devices.



MILITARY COOPERATION with Pretoria has had more than economic benefits. Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin recalled recently that when France slapped an arms embargo on Israel after the 1967 war, South Africa supplied spare parts for Israel's French-manufactured Mirage aircraft. Yitzhak Unna, Israel's first ambassador to Pretoria, points out that South Africa was the only country on the African continent that permitted the Israeli navy to use its ports and refueling facilities.

South Africa has probably also played a significant role in the development of Israel's nuclear arsenal. Although the details of this kind of cooperation remain shrouded in secrecy, South Africa's access to enriched uranium in Namibia and Israel's scientific knowhow make for a natural marriage of interests. Only the fringe Israeli Left is bothered by this presumed alliance. Most Israelis are buoyed by the periodic reports of Israel and South Africa jointly detonating nuclear devices over the Indian Ocean, since these reports indicate that the government is attending to Israeli national security; and even many on the mainstream Left defend the Jerusalem-Pretoria link.

It was the socialist Labor Party that

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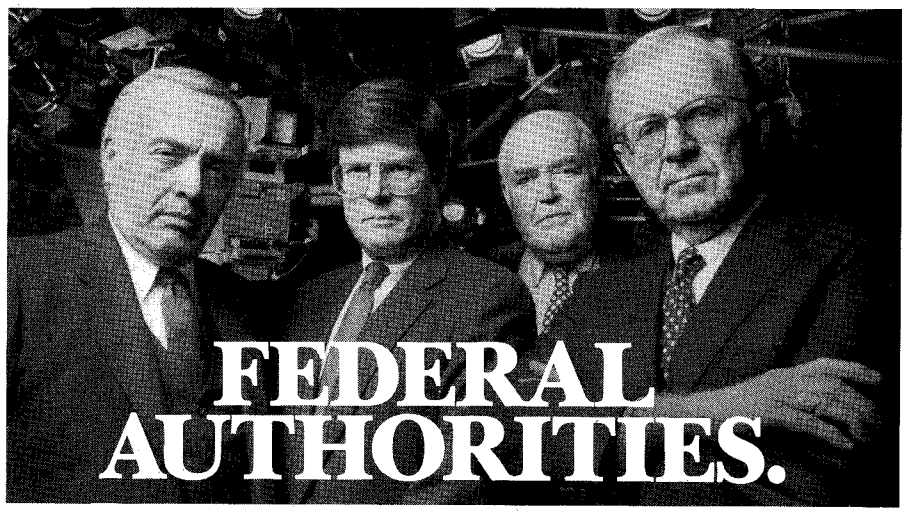
first cultivated the South African connection, and Labor's Chaim Herzog has gone so far as to declare that "Israel need not apologize for its relations with South Africa any more than the U.S. should feel compelled to do so for its ties with Israel." When the South African foreign minister visited Israel in 1984, Abba Eban, leader of the Labor Party's most dovish faction, hosted a lunch for him. Eban has said that "the main consideration" for Israel in determining its relations with Pretoria "should be the advantages in the security and economic fields." Even the extreme left-wing Mapam Party, which rallies to every "progressive" cause under the sun, is not united against South Africa. While some veteran Mapam apparatchiks do favor sanctions, Eric Lee, one of Mapam's most prominent intellectuals, has urged Israel to resist pressure to boycott Pretoria, on the grounds that "the movement for sanctions against South Africa may be a prelude to similar campaigns against other 'racist' and unpopular regimes, such as the 'colonialist Zionist entity in Palestine.'"

This extraordinary range of support for Israeli-South African relations is not an expression of sympathy for apartheid, but instead demonstrates Israeli concern over who will rule the strategically vital southern tip of Africa. South African opposition groups like the African National Congress and the Pan Africanist Congress are financed by the Soviet Union and closely allied with Israel's bitterest foes. At PLO bases in Lebanon, ANC terrorists have trained alongside members of the Red Brigades, the Baader-Meinhof gang, and the Sandinistas. ANC and PAC terrorists have also undergone training in Libya, and, under the supervision of PLO instructors, in Mozambique and Ethiopia. A PLO spokesman recently explained that "it is necessary for the PLO and the liberation movements in southern Africa to work together" because "we are convinced that the collapse of the South African system will lead to the destruction of the Zionist state in the Middle East." According to ANC chief Oliver Tambo, the feeling is mutual: "By definition their struggle is ours. Every victory they win advances our cause against the forces of imperialism and racism." Even ostensibly moderate black leaders seem hostile to Jews and Israel. Archbishop Desmond Tutu has denounced Israel for supposedly "making refugees of others" and "conniving" in the massacres of Palestinian Arabs, and has accused Jews of "an arrogance—the arrogance of power because Jews are a powerful lobby in this land."

When faced with a choice between maintaining relations with South Africa and appeasing world opinion, Israelis have not hesitated. But matters became more complicated last spring, when Israel feared it would be forced to choose between its ties to South Africa and its relations with the United States. Concerned about the impact a White House report on countries selling arms to South Africa might have, the Israeli cabinet announced that Israel would not conclude any new defense contracts with South Africa. What the announcement means in practical terms is unclear, however—Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir has referred to the move as a "gesture," while other senior ministers, including Defense Minister Rabin, continue to criticize the idea of sanctions despite the cabinet pronouncement. South Africa, for its part, has been unusually mild in its official reaction to the Israeli move. All of which provokes speculation that "non-renewal of defense contracts" will have little practical meaning, either because the existing contracts will never expire or because Israeli arms will be sold to South Africa through other channels.

The nagging footnote to the Israel-South Africa question is the fate of South African Jewry. Rabin bases his opposition to sanctions in part on the danger that there could be repercussions against the South African Jewish community. Israel is obligated to consider the effect of its policies on Jews abroad, Rabin maintains. Eliahu Lankin, a former Israeli ambassador to Pretoria, is more explicit. He predicts that the triumph of "Mandela and Tutu" could lead to "the total physical extermination of the whites in South Africa, including the 120,000 Jews there." Lankin is critical of apartheid, but fears that the militants who would replace it would be far worse from every point of view. Even the liberal *Jerusalem Post* acknowledges this danger, and urges that Israel shape its policy toward South Africa according to "concern for the consequences there rather than popularity elsewhere." Most Israelis would say amen to that. □



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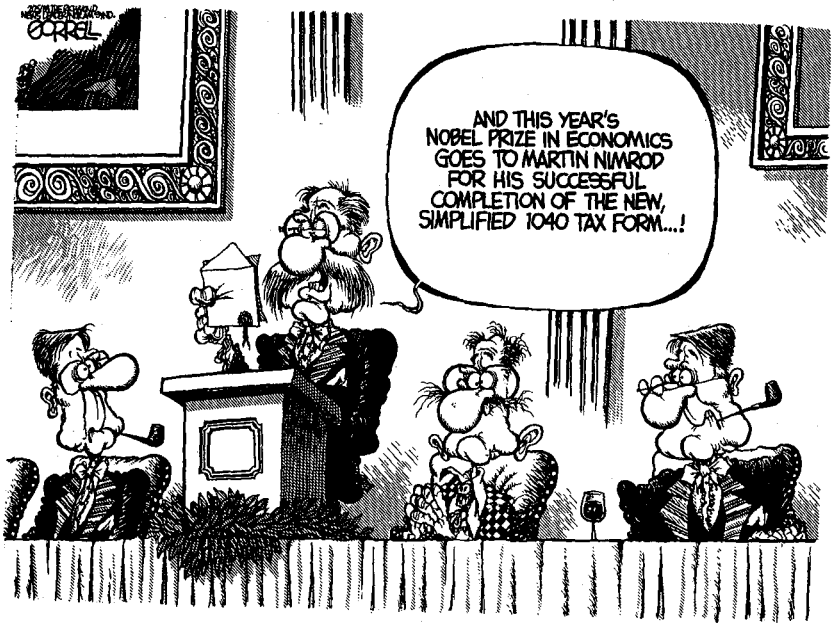
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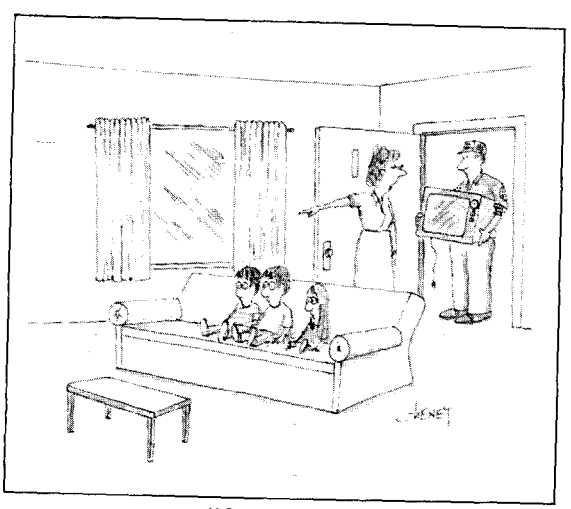
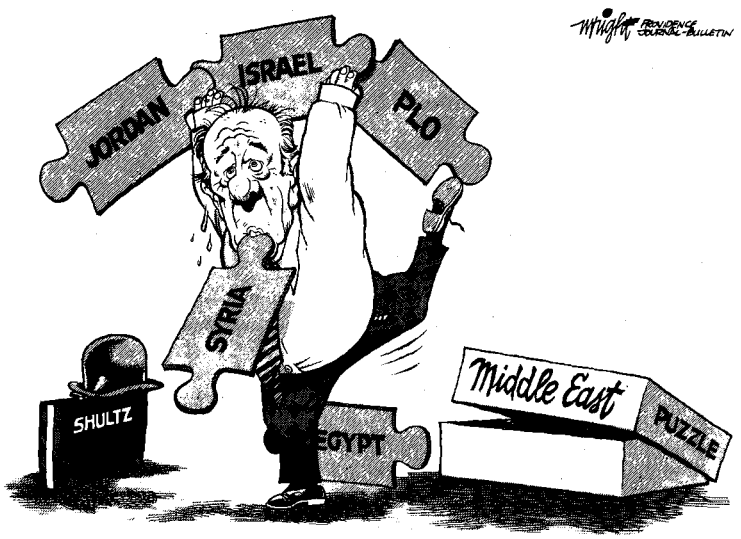


"Over there."



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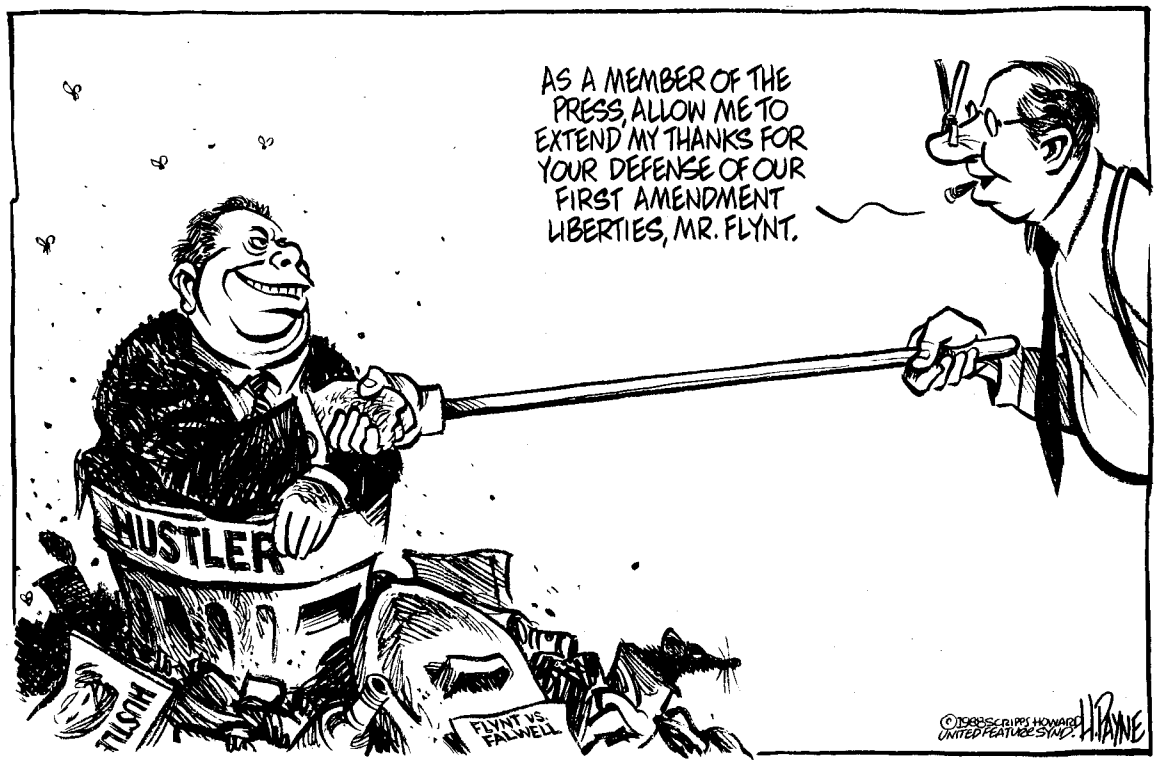
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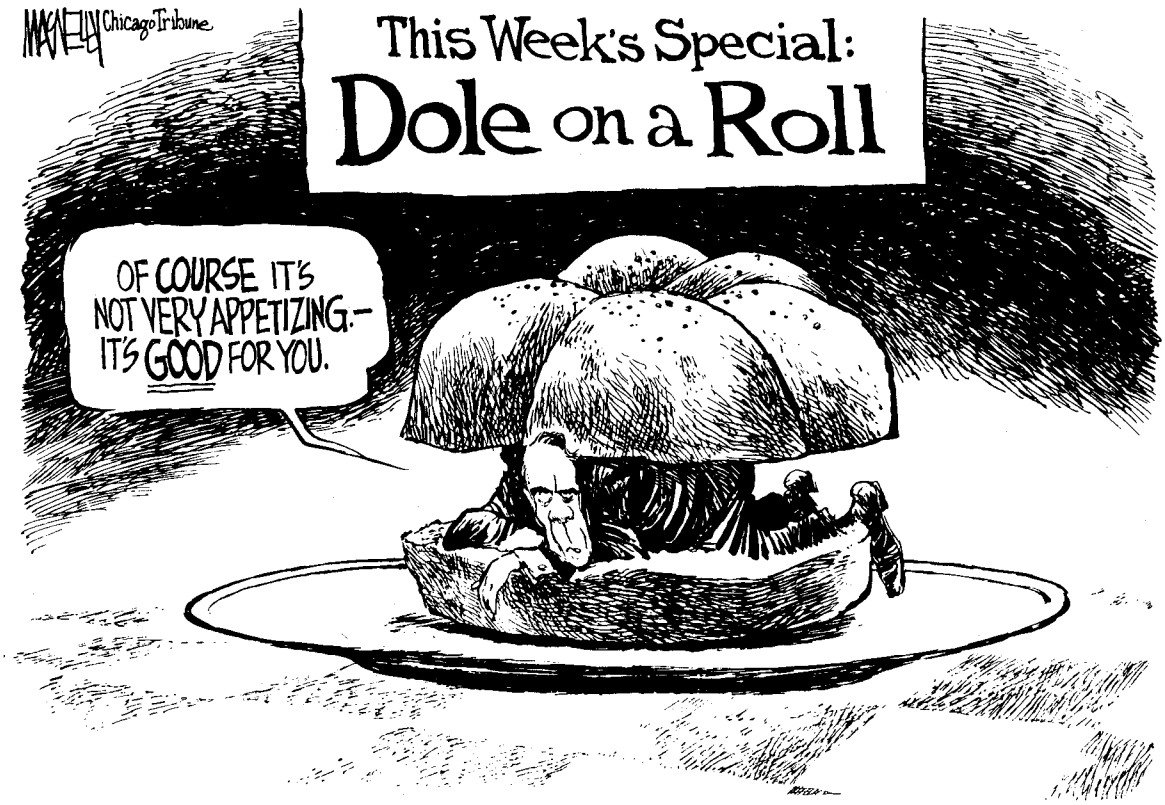

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KEAN FOR VEEP?

One of the few white faces to be seen in the predominantly black central ward of Newark, New Jersey, during the last ten years was that of Republican Governor Tom Kean. In 1985, Kean went there seeking votes. He talked about getting people off welfare and into jobs, he talked about putting repeat offenders behind bars, and he talked about improving the city's failed schools. When the ballots were counted that November, Tom Kean wound up with 60 per cent of the black vote.

It's performances like these that have set off a Kean-for-Veep boomlet in 1988. With the race for the GOP nomination all but over, Governor Kean's name has begun to pop up prominently on short lists of possible GOP running-mates. And why not? Kean is the head of a large—and largely Democratic—Northeastern industrial state that is experiencing an economic boom. He has the ear of several prominent conservatives, including George Will. And, unlike most Republican politicians, Kean has the support of the black community—even Coretta Scott King endorsed him in his last race.

Kean became governor of New Jersey in 1981 when he upset Congressman Jim Florio by 1,700 votes, the thinnest margin on record. When he was re-elected in 1985 he got 70 per cent of the vote, another kind of record in a state with a 2 to 1 Democratic registration advantage.

Armed with his spectacular vote-getting record, Kean has stepped forward as a national spokesman for his party. His message of inclusion—the same recipe that built the Reagan coalition—and some innovative ideas prompted speculation that Kean is interested in national office. Before the current Veep talk, he was saying, "The obvious way to influence the party is to run for President," and sitting with him, it's easy to believe he might someday have a chance. He is earnest yet genial, and very persuasive.

So should conservatives, disappointed by Jack Kemp's failure in the primaries, be hailing Kean as the true heir of Ronald Reagan? Not so fast. "He's more Rockefeller than Reagan," says Rutgers University professor Gerald Pomper. Their backgrounds—old-moneyed governors of Northeastern states—are similar; so are their political strategies. Rockefeller's vote-getting ability among traditionally Democratic blocs was the envy of New York politicians for twenty years. Any Republican would have done well to emulate his inclusionary style, while jettisoning his bankrupting fiscal policies.

Ronald Reagan eventually did just that, and garnered enough of the traditional Democratic coalition to win two landslides. Tom Kean has also sought the support of blue-collar and black voters—including by signing a bill divesting the state pension fund of stock in companies that do business in South Africa. Does that make him a "neo-moderate-crypto-centrist-symp," as George Will fears conservatives have tagged him?

If you listen to New Jersey Democrats, the answer is yes. The Democratic leader in New Jersey's Assembly, Alan Karcher, boasts, "Kean became a decent human being once he adopted the Democratic agenda."

Yet Kean also wins raves from bona-fide conservatives. Jeff Bell, who beat Senator Clifford Case in the 1978 Republican primary and is now an aide to Jack Kemp, admires Kean. So does Kemp himself. And, closer to home, riding high in the polls and enjoying the extensive political power New Jersey confers on its chief executives, Kean has few prominent enemies in local GOP circles.

John Tomicki might be the only one. As executive director of the New Jersey Right to Life Committee, Tomicki leads the fight against state funding of abortions. He says that his group submitted a questionnaire to Kean during the 1981 campaign, asking whether he supported state funding. According to Tomicki ("I have the letter right here . . .") Kean wrote back saying he opposed state funding. During the same campaign, Kean responded to a similar query from the feminist New Jersey Women's Political Caucus saying that he *did* support state funding. Kean dismisses the controversy now: "I don't know what they asked me any more—that was [seven] years ago."

Kean mixes such ambiguities with a curious willingness to acknowledge, at least rhetorically, the horror of abortion. "There is slaughter on a mass scale in this country," he told me. Yet Kean has not worked to restrict abortion on demand. Instead, he defends the status quo, seeking to avoid being, as he says, an "absolutist." Kean said recently that "generally the funding of abortions I would not support, but I'm sure you could find an example somewhere or another where it could be justified." But when told the state finances abortions for indigent women across the board, not just in the exceptional cases of rape or incest, Kean says, "I support the current state policy."

Kean's record of judicial appointments has also attracted criticism from pro-lifers and conservatives. State Senator Gerald Cardinale, a Republican conservative with gubernatorial ambitions, calls Kean's judicial record "disappointing." Cardinale approves of Kean's nomination, last year, of a "Scalia type," but adds that this was the first such nomination of which he is aware.

Mr. Klingeman, a former NR *editorial assistant, is now an assistant editor at Medialink in New York City.*

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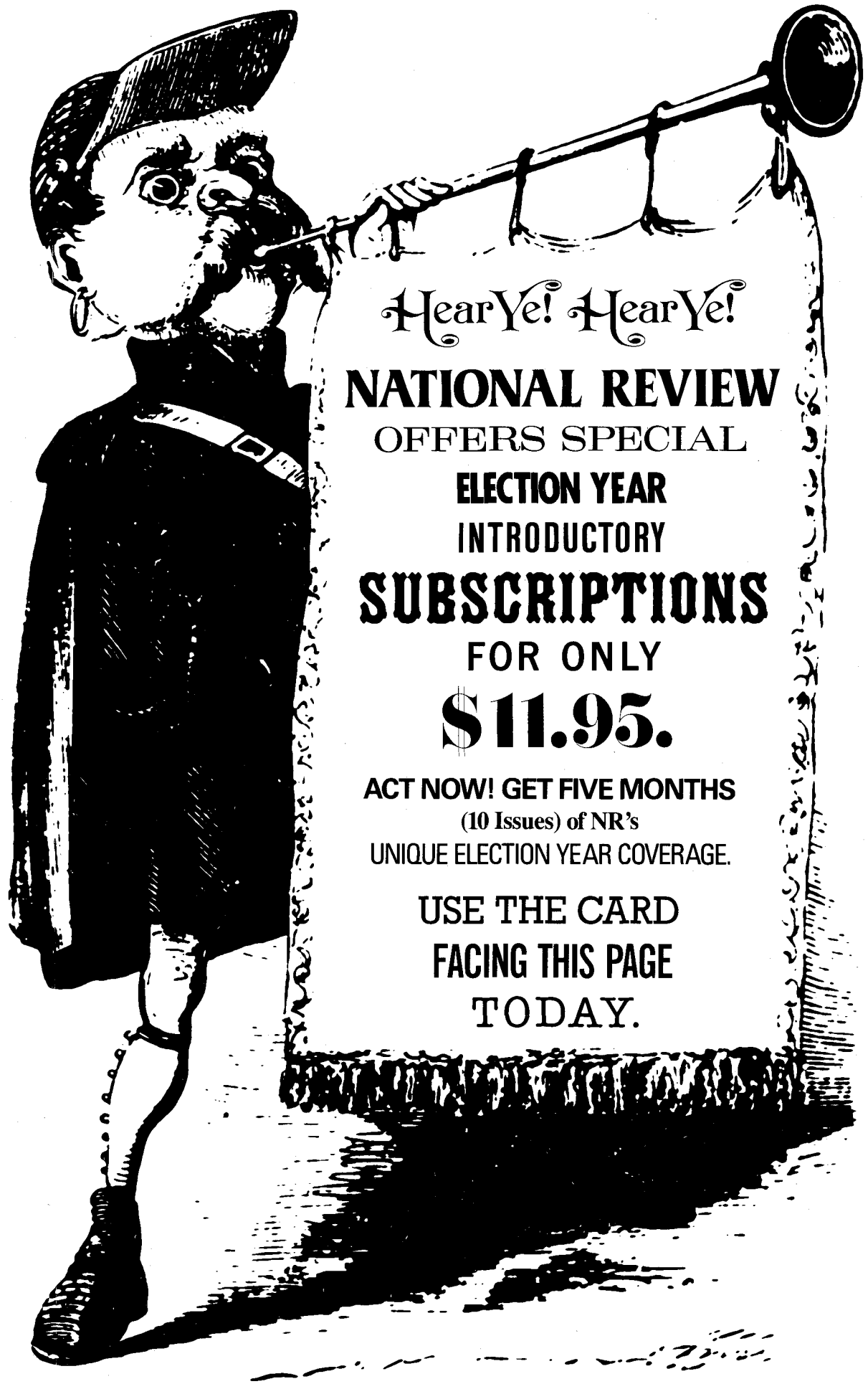

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Kean's most controversial appointment was his renomination of Chief Justice Robert Wilentz to the State Supreme Court. Wilentz had been appointed by former Democratic governor Brendan Byrne in 1979, and his reappointment means he can sit on the bench for life. The New Jersey court has long been considered the most "progressive" court in the nation, and Wilentz has perpetuated that tradition. He has asserted that the right to an abortion is part of the state constitution, giving New Jersey its very own *Roe* v. *Wade*. When relatives of a dying woman named Claire Conroy wanted doctors to cease keeping her alive, Wilentz ruled that food and water constituted medical attention that could be withheld in a patient's "best interest." In what have become known as the Mount Laurel cases, he forced local communities to build low-income housing, usurping both the authority of local zoning boards and the prerogatives of the legislature.

Kean justifies the reappointment of Wilentz on the grounds that New Jersey has a tradition of reappointing judges on good behavior. Since the state constitution that provides for reappointment is not even forty years old, this "tradition" is more like a habit. And Kean not only reappointed Wilentz, he fought aggressively for the nomination. Wilentz was confirmed by one vote, the smallest margin of any judge in New Jersey's history.

That's the bad stuff. On the plus side, Kean's record on the fiscal issues is a lot like Ronald Reagan's. He campaigned in 1981 on a tax-cutting platform, he promised to allow the size of the state payroll to drop 10 per cent (by attrition) over four years, and he promised to balance the budget.

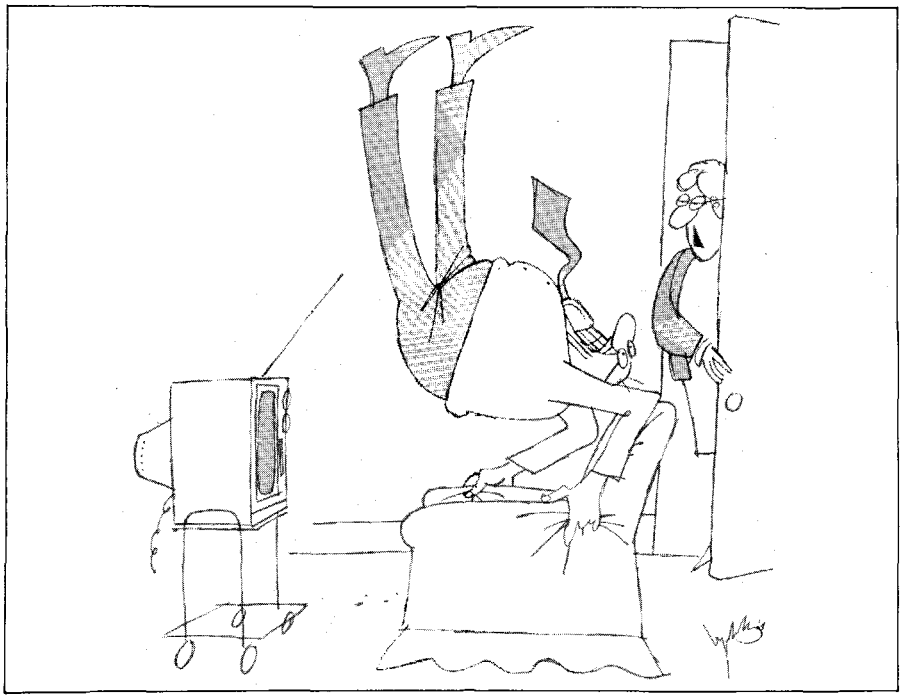
New Jersey state law requires a balanced budget, and when Kean first took office he found that outgoing Governor Brendan Byrne had left a $300-million deficit. Then the 1982 recession hit. So, Kean raised the personal income tax and several user fees, such as the gasoline tax. But when the economy began to rebound, and the deficit was erased, Kean cut taxes. He lowered the personal income tax three years after raising it, and he cut several other levies. New Jersey has enjoyed a budget surplus every year since. Its unemployment, which was the highest in the nation ten years ago, is now at about 4 per cent, the lowest among industrial states. During the Kean administration, over 500,000 new jobs have been created, and New Jersey's per-capita income is second only to Connecticut's. State Republican leaders believe Kean's tax-cutting is responsible for the fired-up economy. "He's been terrific at attacking New Jersey's indigenous problems with conservative solutions," says Hersh Kazlov, counsel to the state Republican committee. For blighted urban areas like Camden and East Orange, Kean persuaded the legislature to enact enterprise zones.

When asked if he's a supply-sider—as some Kemp conservatives have been eager to label him—Kean says his economic philosophy is "making sure our taxes are lower than New York's." There's something to that. New Jersey, after all, is the biggest suburb in America. Both it and Connecticut have benefited from New York's oppressive economic climate.

Even Kean's supporters admit the national economic upswing is largely responsible for New Jersey's startling numbers. "It was the federal tax cuts more than anything else that helped state economies," says Jeff Bell. Like Reagan, Kean has had trouble wrestling the budgetary leviathan. The state payroll is 10 per cent larger than when he took office, and the state budget is larger than ever. Kean blames this on programs the Federal Government has turned over to the state, as part of Reagan's New Federalism.

What Reagan and Kean have most in common is a political method. Reagan enjoyed two landslides by appealing to disaffected Democratic voters. He did so by paying attention to their concerns, which the Democratic leadership had begun to ignore: once those neglected voters felt they had someone to turn to, they bolted their old party. In his 1985 landslide re-election bid, Kean also attracted the support of blue-collar ethnics, Jews, Catholics, and, unlike Reagan, blacks.

But as Kean emerges as a national figure, his positions on key issues will be closely scrutinized by the conservative wing of his party. He doesn't have to make the same mistake Rockefeller made, and openly challenge that wing. If he wants more than frustrated ambitions, he will have to rethink his positions on key GOP issues such as abortion. For, if Kean's success proves anything, it's that GOP candidates don't have to sell out to attract blacks and other new voters: polls conducted by his office consistently show majority support in black districts for enterprise zones, reinstituting the death penalty, and welfare and education reform. Left-wing nostrums might play well among the power elite, but Kean, more than anyone else, ought to know which message plays best in Newark's central ward. □



"That was a bolt of lightning. Now back to sports."

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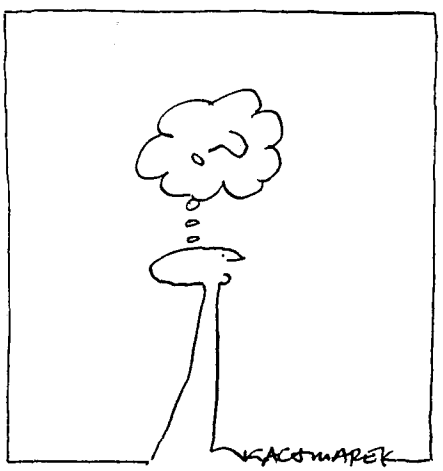
HISTORY AND FAITH

"DID JESUS Really Rise from the Dead?" In an article by that title twenty years ago, Wolfhart Pannenberg of Munich, arguably the world's foremost living systematic theologian, embarrassed the liberal theological community. For more than a hundred years, the liberal theological tradition had tended to deny, fudge, or ignore the history behind the Christian proclamation of the Resurrection. In this century, scholars such as Rudolf Bultmann insisted that the important thing is the Resurrection faith, not the Resurrection event. But that rather begged the question of what event or events brought the faith into being. Why would the early Christians have proclaimed the risen Christ unless "something happened" that they were convinced justified a message worth living, and dying, for? That they were lunatics or liars does not, on the basis of the evidence, bear close examination. Pannenberg observed that "the legends created by excessive criticism [that tries to explain away the Resurrection] have been less credible than the Biblical reports themselves."

One response is that, historical events aside, the Resurrection is a "meaningful" mythopoetic statement. But that seems very arbitrary. Others may say they find New Age reincarnation, the transmigration of souls, or theosophy more "meaningful." In the mythopoetic marketplace, you pay your money and take your choice. Some Christians, wishing to be orthodox, say they don't bother their heads about the historical evidence; they just accept the Resurrection "on faith." But that can be a form of fideism—a kind of faith in faith—that is hard to square with the understanding of Christians such as Paul the Apostle. "If Christ has not been raised, then our preaching is in vain and your faith is in vain," Paul wrote (I Corinthians 15). In this passage and elsewhere Paul assumes the importance of the historical evidence in making the case for the Resurrected Lord.

Sparked in large part by the Pannenberg initiative, there is a growing recognition among Christian theologians today that Resurrection faith cannot be divorced from Resurrection event. There is also a very lively discussion about how faith and event are connected. A recent book from Harper & Row joins the issues in a manner accessible to the non-specialist. *Did Jesus Rise from the Dead?* comes out of a debate between Gary Habermas of Liberty University and the British philosopher Antony Flew, author of *The Presumption of Atheism* (Flew does not think atheism at all presumptuous). The book ends with responses by three notable theologians, including Wolfhart Pannenberg. At the risk of spoiling the story, I will tell you now that Habermas wins the debate hands down. Habermas is no liberal, but he wisely employs the authority of liberals and agnostics in arguing for the historical reality of the Resurrection. Although he says it is not his position, Flew finally seems to be saying that the Resurrection did not happen because such things do not happen. In reading Flew one is reminded of the C. S. Lewis comment on the denial of the possibility of miracles: "Unfortunately, we know the experience against miracles to be uniform only if we know that all reports of them are false. And we can know all the reports to be false only if we know already that miracles have never occurred. In fact, we are arguing in a circle."



"An uneasy question."

HABERMAS marshals some 11 historical events on which all scholars, Christian or not, agree. Four he considers especially important: Jesus died by crucifixion; afterwards the disciples were convinced that they had witnessed the literal appearances of the risen Jesus; their lives were transformed as a consequence; and Paul had a conversion experience that he also believed to be an appearance of the risen Jesus. Delve deeply enough into these and other undoubted events, the argument goes, and you come up with the most probable of possible explanations, namely, that Jesus rose from the dead. Note that the evidence does not, by the canons of scientific methodology, *prove* that the Resurrection happened. The contention is that the evidence creates a very high level of plausibility. Of course, if it did happen, the ramifications are rather far-reaching. It might even explain the existence of Christianity.

In his response to the debate, Pannenberg notes that, despite all the historical evidence in favor of its historicity, the Resurrection will remain a debated and debatable question. Skeptics can appeal to "the innumerably repeated experience that in this world the dead do not rise again." Only when, as Jesus promised, the dead do rise again will the claims of the skeptics be definitely laid to rest. Until then, Christians walk by faith illumined by reason; and by reason illumined by faith. If they are right about the Resurrection, they do not walk alone. □

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PARADISE LOST

Joseph Sobran

The Year of the Barricades: A Journey through 1968, by David Caute (Harper & Row, 514 pp., $24.95)

I REMEMBER 1968 as a year of psychedelic Communism. The student Left thought it was quite a lark to shock their elders by playing Reds. The phrase "New Left" sums it up: they thought the Left could start from scratch again, without history or responsibility. They got away with it, too, as "neo-Nazis" couldn't have.

David Caute's *The Year of the Barricades* looks promising: a big fat book on that exciting time, hinting that it will give us new judgments and fresh perspectives. Its size alone suggests new information, if nothing else. Unfortunately, it doesn't deliver.

If the year 1968 could have picked its own scribe to write its authorized biography, Caute would have been the natural choice. He merely reviews the year as if he'd watched it on TV. Mostly he approves of the things that made it sensational, especially the New Left. He writes somewhat pompously in his introduction: "We shall see that the innovative ideas of the New Left—frequently, though not invariably, expressed with clarity and sophistication—constitute a treasury whose present dilapidation impoverishes us."

He neither supports this judgment nor establishes his competence to make it. The "ideas" of the New Left, even on his showing, were rehashed Marx, Sartre, and Marcuse. None of the New Leftists themselves has left a trace. Seminal thinkers don't arrive in droves.

Caute seems still enthralled by the year's uproar: Vietnam protests, the May riots in Paris, the counterculture, the student strike at Columbia University, the Chicago Convention riot, black power, two assassinations. He writes about all the things you'd expect to read about, saying all the things you'd expect a liberal to say. His approvals and disapprovals are completely predictable, and his historical judgment never goes beyond moralizing: "The major radical movement to have emerged during the past twenty years is feminism. . . . The gains have been great: more women in the work they desire, more women in positions of authority, a spreading awareness of sexist assumptions. On the whole, however, white males, middle-aged or elderly, still hold the levers of political and corporate power," etc. You can just hear Abbie Hoffman snoring. If nothing else, 1968 was a great *party*, but Caute doesn't dig it. He reduces it all to the eternally solemn prose of the judicious commentator.

All the dumb reactionaries could see at the time was dope, crime, sex, and Communism everywhere, and as far as they went they were perfectly right. Caute can't acknowledge that much. He takes the side of the Progressive Forces and has no empathy left for the resistance. He loathes George Wallace so much he quotes him thus: "Ah's not spending your tax money to educate students to raise money for the Communists." Wallace didn't talk like that, and besides, Caute doesn't spell the utterances of radical blacks with insulting phonetics.

Wallace and Nixon are Caute's villains. He doesn't notice other things in the background, like the intelligent conservatism that was crystallizing in reply to the aggressions of the Left. He doesn't mention one of the year's big stories, the promulgation of the encyclical *Humanae Vitae* by Pope Paul VI. It's as if 1968 hadn't occurred against a background of tradition, and as if the story's bad guys had popped into existence as suddenly as Caute's young heroes. He disapproves of the avatars of the past, but the past itself is unreal for him.

Communism is unreal too. Yes, America was driven into Vietnam by its "anti-Communist fixation," for which of course there was no plausible reason. Anyone who was in the wrong at the time, in Caute's view, had no

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excuses and should have known better. He never doubts that he knows better now; but even with hindsight to assist him he has no second thoughts about Vietnam. It apparently ceased to exist too when the antiwar movement ended; he says nothing about the boat people who came later, which spares him having to explain why the Communist victory, and not the U.S. war effort, drove so many people to desperate attempts to flee the country.

Caute rarely refers to "Communists" as such except when they call themselves that, like the French Communists. He refuses to accept Communism as a relevant category for describing and explaining events on an international scale. And if there's no such thing as Communism, it follows that anti-Communism is absurd. We live in a world of Western-style nation-states, some of them, it's true, a little imperialistic at times (just as we are, at times). So Caute observes the liberal taboo against seeing parallels, coordination, and aggressive purpose among various Communist regimes. Nor can he admit that certain moral horrors typify Communism: when he touches on the Cambodian mass murders, he has to fall back on the term "Red Fascism."

Caute identifies himself too heavily with some of the players in his story to tell the whole of it. Not only their "ideas" but their patterns of perception are his too. This leaves him no room for novel insight, and his account doesn't seriously differ from the account of the partisans of the time. A historian needs more detachment, impartiality, and above all distance than Caute can manage. He can't very well criticize the attitudes of the New Left when he pretty much exemplifies them —so much so that he can't really imagine alternatives.

For him the story of 1968 is just Paradise Lost, and the later ascendancy of Reagan and Thatcher represents nothing but "materialism." But it's pointless to complain that this is unfair when his treatment of those he approves of is equally shallow.

Maybe 1968 wasn't as interesting as it seemed at the time. But if we're bound to reduce it to dull moralisms, we may as well choose the right ones: it left us with a residue of dope, crime, sex, and Communism. Far from having its promise blighted, it has had its way with us. □

THE PILLARS OF HERCULES

Charles R. Kesler

Taking the Constitution Seriously, by Walter Berns (Simon & Schuster, 287 pp., $19.95)

IN HIS long and distinguished career as a commentator on the United States Constitution, Walter Berns has criticized the follies of the modern Supreme Court and its defenders more lucidly, and more relentlessly, than perhaps any other living writer. The motto of his career might be his oft-repeated dictum that today's political-science and law professors teach "constitutional law without the Constitution," i.e., without asking what is the purpose of a written Constitution in the first place. So instead of beginning their studies by pondering the Declaration of Independence, the debates of the Federal Convention, *The Federalist*, and other classic accounts of American political principle, today's students learn about constitutional law almost exclusively by reading Supreme Court cases—a method practically guaranteed to prove that the Constitution is what the judges say it is.

Taking the Constitution Seriously is Berns's most audacious attempt so far to put the Constitution back into constitutional law, by presenting a general exposition of the political theory of the Constitution. As against the apologists for judicial activism who claim that the Constitution does not *have* a political or moral theory—and who conclude that it is the judges' task to supply one, concocted from their own prejudices and intuitions—Berns insists that the Constitution is based on the natural-rights philosophy of the Enlightenment, boldly proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence and subtly expounded by Thomas Hobbes and John Locke (among others).

Nevertheless, *Taking the Constitution Seriously* does not quite live up to its name. The problem is that Berns is really *ascribing* a political theory to the Constitution, rather than finding one there. Thus there is no exegesis of the actual text of the Constitution, little interpretation of *The Federalist* except for the parts that can easily be made to fit his argument (Nos. 10 and 51, predictably), no account of the Declaration aside from the usual once-over of its famous second paragraph. In short, he sees the Constitution and the whole American Founding through lenses that filter out most of the available light.

Consider a few of his gloomier asseverations. Jefferson and Madison, he maintains, cleaving to Hobbes's and Locke's critique of revealed religion, thought it necessary to weaken religious belief for the sake of civil peace. In fact, he says, the philosophy that ultimately made civil peace possible—the natural-rights philosophy of the American Founding—was incompatible with Biblical theology, because the Lockean principle that "liberty of conscience is every man's natural right" implies, in Berns's words, "that by nature man is under no law obliging him to act with a view to saving his soul."

But in fact liberty of conscience does not mean that at all. It is true, according to Aquinas, that the natural law obliges us to seek knowledge, including knowledge of God—a quest akin to the Socratic desire to know the truth, which is the philosophic equivalent of the salvation of the soul. But the specific truths of salvation

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ MORE APRIL TITLES: In *The Coming Battle for the Media: Curbing the Power of the Media Elite* (Morrow, $18.45), William A. Rusher argues that, in order to combat liberal bias in both the print and the electronic media, American conservatives must enforce the Fairness Doctrine, employ internal and external monitoring, take possession of organs currently owned and operated by liberals and centrists, and raise up a new generation of conservative journalists. "This is a hard-hitting indictment of media mores," *Publishers Weekly* says, "sure to be controversial."

Trading Places: How We Allowed Japan to Take the Lead (Basic, $19.95), by Clyde V. Prestowitz Jr., deals with the economic and cultural differences between America and Japan in which, believes the author (a former government trade negotiator who works now as a Washington business consultant), are to be found the basic explanations for the U.S. trade deficit with that country, and for our declining position in international markets.

In *Peace and Revolution: The Moral Crisis of American Pacifism* (Eerdmans, $19.95), Guenter Lewy (author of *America in Vietnam*) accuses the American pacifist movement of having betrayed its earlier principles of nonviolence by supporting Communist-controlled movements around the world (while ignoring the Afghan resistance), and suggests that the pacifists may have enough power to endanger American interests through their "peace-at-any-price" policies.

The Autobiography of Roy Cohn (Lyle Stuart, $18.95), by Sidney Zion, offers a defense of Joseph McCarthy for emphasizing, in flamboyant ways, the fundamental policies of the Truman Administration, and offers numerous titillating stories from Cohn's checkered career and still more checkered experience. Zion, formerly a correspondent for the *New York Times*, transcribed and edited the manuscript from tape-recorded conversations and added several chapters, pulling it all together following Cohn's death from AIDS. —CW

disclosed in the Old and New Testaments are known by faith, not reason. The freedom to weigh the commands of revelation and reason is what the natural right of conscience protects, fully in accord with the natural law and with the gift of faith. What Madison and Jefferson understood themselves to be fighting for, then, was not so much weakened but purified religion, purified of all the temptations of worldly political power, and therefore strengthened in its moral power. But Berns does not understand them as they understood themselves.

To take another example, Berns claims that the Framers (as distinguished from their opponents, the Anti-Federalists), said "little or nothing about moral or civic education"; indeed, that "it is not possible to point to a single statement proving that the Framers expected the states to provide the sort of civic or moral education required of citizens in a republican regime," though he admits they were aware of the problem. But what about the Northwest Ordinance (passed in 1787 and renewed by the First Congress), which instructed the Northwest territories in no uncertain terms: "Religion, morality, and knowledge, being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged." Examples could be multiplied; there was in fact a massive consensus among the men of the founding generation that it was a duty of state and local laws, ordinances, and customs to inculcate proper morals.

Berns's misjudgments, alas, are not random, but follow from his theory of American constitutionalism, which emphasizes the Hobbesianism underlying the Framers' more obvious and respectable Lockeanism. But can anyone really believe that the Founding was the work of men who thought, to quote Berns's epitome of Hobbes, that "the purpose of life is the avoidance of death" *at any cost*?

It is clear that Berns does not believe it, even though his argument requires him to believe it. And so we have the *deus ex machina*, the notion that the Framers' character "had been formed under the laws of an older and civilized politics," and therefore that their character and their political practice contradicted their political theory. "In theory, the country was indeed founded by self-interested men who acted in order to secure their private rights; in practice, however, these same men pledged 'to each other [their] lives, [their] Fortunes and [their] sacred Honor.' "

Although the desire to save the Framers' reputation may be laudable, Berns's argument forces us to choose between two equally unsavory conclusions. Either the Framers disdained to live basely and dishonorably, but thought it necessary and desirable that their children should; or the Framers were hopelessly confused about what they were trying to accomplish. In either case, how could anyone blame today's judicial activists for wanting a more elevated and coherent theory of the Constitution?

Of course, there is an alternative to these despairing conclusions, and that is for Berns to reconsider his theory. Some of the facts that could be the basis of such a reconsideration are adduced in this book, which ends with a long quotation from Jefferson's celebrated letter to Henry Lee (May 8, 1825). In that letter, Jefferson traces the ideas proclaimed in the Declaration to, among other sources, "the elementary books of public right, as Aristotle, Cicero, Locke, Sydney, etc." The principles of the American Revolution would then seem to rest—contrary to Berns's interpretation—on the reasonable agreement of ancients and moderns, on the harmony of "sacred Honor" and liberty, rather than on the triumph of moderns over ancients, and of liberty over honor.

But in this book, Berns's theory stands like the Pillars of Hercules, marking the point beyond which he will not sail. ☐

THE REAL REGULATORS

David Brooks

The Suicidal Corporation: How Big Business Fails America, by Paul H. Weaver (Simon & Schuster, 270 pp., $18.95)

THE RUNAWAY best-sellers among businessmen over the past few years have been books by or about Lee Iacocca, Bobby Knight, Ravi Batra, and Donald Trump—outspoken men who wear their obnoxiousness as a status symbol. Their books make attractive airplane reading for the legions of American businessmen who cannot afford to be obnoxious—who must cater to customers, bosses, colleagues, and clients—and who harbor Walter Mitty fantasies of telling the pests of this world where to get off.

Paul Weaver, financial journalist and former neoconservative, found him-

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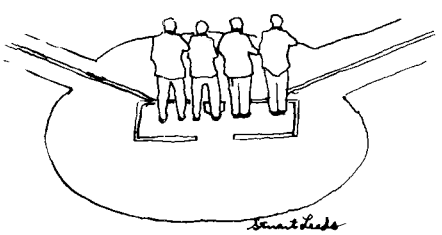
self amidst these ever-careful, Prufrocked businessmen when he left a job at *The Public Interest* and went to work as economic-communications planning director at the Ford Motor Company, a story he tells in the first section of this book. He had come to Ford, naïvely, to defend capitalism from its domestic enemies. But he found that his new colleagues were indifferent or even hostile to the idea of a free market. They certainly weren't going to waste any energy defending capitalism.

As far as they were concerned, only an amateur would stand on principle. They considered themselves world-hardened professionals; they didn't merely communicate, they "managed issues." That meant avoiding controversial positions (even when you are right, someone important might disagree with you). It meant responding to criticism, even unjust criticism, by changing the subject. It meant jumping on any bandwagon, even one you opposed. These executives were, in the current Washington lingo, pragmatists.

The Ford Pinto attracted a good deal of unfavorable publicity while Weaver was at Ford. Weaver felt that the Pinto was getting a bum rap because of sensationalist journalism. He surveyed the evidence and concluded that the Pinto was no less safe than other cars, so he urged his superiors to launch a campaign to defend it. They rejected the idea. Instead, they decided to make Ford the principal underwriter of a noncontroversial PBS news-analysis show, *Washington Week in Review*. They were engaging in what Weaver calls "displacement," the use of PR flackery as a substitute for public discussion.

This cynical pragmatism is bad for the souls of Ford employees. Distanced from objective standards of honesty, they are buffeted by the shifting demands of expediency. But Weaver argues that business pragmatism is also bad for America. The "managing issues" mindset means that businessmen are never willing to take a principled stand against government intrusion. If regulation seems to be on the way, companies will join the regulatory crusade, hoping that grateful regulators will reward public support with special loopholes. They will also lobby for regulations that disproportionately punish their competitors. A chemical company with new plants may crusade for unnecessarily tough cleanliness standards because such standards will impose serious costs on competitors with older plants. A large drug company may campaign for tough FDA requirements, knowing that smaller entrepreneurial firms can't manage all the paperwork the FDA requires, and that they can't survive a decade without a product while the FDA lumbers through its tests.



Worse, Weaver says, corporate executives sometimes feel a cultural affinity with their counterparts in big government. The second section of *The Suicidal Corporation* is a brief history of corporate efforts to woo regulators into their industries. The railroad lobby was one of the key supporters of the creation of the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1887. AT&T, which in 1907 controlled only 40 per cent of the phone market, gained monopoly status by persuading state governments to prohibit competition. In 1933, business supported the National Industrial Recovery Act. Henry I. Harriman, president of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, told an audience at the time that laissez-faire policies "must be replaced by a philosophy of planned national economy."

Weaver calls this self-destructive tendency "corporatism." It is, he writes, "a modern ideology," which views society "as a cooperative, hierarchical, scientifically managed organism," and which rejects "individualism and natural rights." The last section of *The Suicidal Corporation* is a theoretical analysis of the ideology of corporatism.

There are two problems with Weaver's book. The first is that it's too short—and there are precious few nonfiction books you can say that about. His Ford memoir is entertaining and enlightening, but a longer treatment would have captured the culture and habits more precisely. The historical section is sketchy, and the skeptical reader might conclude that Weaver recounts only those instances that support his theory.

The second problem with the book

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is that, in staking out his anti-corporate/pro-capitalist position, Weaver invents a destructive institutional imperative, "corporatism," out of what are really just bad mental habits. Weaver is not persuasive when he argues that corporations are inherently self-destructive. The problem seems to lie instead with the perverse cultures of certain executive suites. In fact, Ford is a perfect example of a corporation that turned itself around, producing a whole new corporate outlook with nothing more drastic than a few key personnel changes.

Weaver finishes his book with a series of recommendations that will help executives avoid the sins of corporatism. None of these require the unraveling of the corporation. CEOs simply need to be more honest and, in the long run, more intelligently self-interested.

The Suicidal Corporation is one of the most important business books of the year because it eloquently describes the failings of many corporate managers; it is less persuasive when it blames institutions. Fortunately for us, America's management problems can be solved by better managers. Weaver's book could help them improve. Also, the threat of a hostile takeover concentrates the mind wonderfully. □

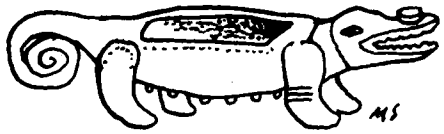
UNSUITABLE FOR GROWN-UPS

Paul Gottfried

Dreams and Delusions, by Fritz Stern (Knopf, 323 pp., $19.95)

FRITZ STERN is perhaps the most respected representative of the émigré view of German history first popularized by academic refugees from Hitler. This view, briefly stated, assumes political and cultural continuity between earlier German history and the Nazi epoch, with earlier catastrophes leading almost inescapably to the Third Reich.

Though no sensible historian would deny the impact of the past or, as John Lukacs stresses, the historical relevance of national character, the émigré view of German history is remarkably selective. For these historians, the major causes of Hitler's takeover were not crises in the Weimar



Republic or Nazi machinations. Rather, Nazi ideas and policies grew out of such varied misfortunes as the Germans' rejection of the French and other Revolutions; Romantic literature; Luther's political theology; and Otto von Bismarck's establishment of an insufficiently liberal Second Empire in 1871. The historian of this school typically sees Germans as Nazi-prone in failing to move quickly enough in a "progressive" direction.

Led by—among others—Fritz Stern, American interpreters of German history gave a largely uncritical reception to Fritz Fischer and Immanuel Geiss, two German historians who claimed to discern geopolitical and psychological connections between Imperial and Nazi Germany. Expansionist politics and truculent nationalism, it was now understood, marked the German nation from at least the 1890s on. The outbreak of World War I was not the consequence of blunders, but of German world-politics consistently pursued.

From the perspective of the émigré historians, we are still writhing in the shadow of the Third Reich. Admittedly, Stern writes more in disappointment than in malice. To the extent that he does uphold Fischer, Geiss, and other exponents of the continuity thesis, it is perhaps to purify Germans morally. By forcing them to believe the worst about themselves, Stern, like other self-proclaimed voices of German conscience, would prod Germans into "overcoming their past."

From his latest collection of essays, it is apparent that Stern (who came to the United States as a refugee at the age of ten) has tentatively begun to overcome his own past. His first two essays—on Einstein's experiences as a German Jew and on Fritz Haber, the chemical engineer who developed poison gas—are models of careful judgment. Stern properly stresses that, in 1932, the scope of Nazi anti-Semitism was inconceivable to German Jews, who could look back on more than a century of genuine progress in their relations with their Christian countrymen. The personal fate of Haber (who was Stern's godfather) was particularly tragic. Despite his Jewish ancestry, Haber had viewed himself, and been viewed by others, as a fervent German patriot, who had gone so far as to convert to the Prussian state religion. He died a broken and confused man, in voluntary exile on the Swiss-German frontier, in 1934.

Of more questionable value are the middle sections of Stern's anthology, in which his émigré persona reasserts itself with a vengeance. Apropos of the background of Nazism, Stern states that, before and during the First World War, the German people were exposed to "organized mendacity" and "pervasive hatreds." The fact that "Germans were taught to hate their enemies" prepared them for Nazi hysteria. But, as Stern himself explains in his last essay, in 1917 Americans too were taught to hate their enemies.

Stern's prejudices color his judgment even when he discusses an unquestionable factor in the rise of the Nazi Party: the secularization of German, and especially German Protestant, society. Studies by Peter Merkl and Sarah Gordon reveal a definite correlation between support for Nazism and alienation from organized Christian religion. Now Stern, who laments the sexual hangups of the old German bourgeoisie, has nothing against secularization per se. What he finds objectionable is that secularized Germans, contrary to Marx's fond hope, embraced a "nonsocialist, anti-capitalist movement"—German nationalism. Human nature failed to bend to his own vision of a new socialist humanity.

Despite this one-sided perspective, Stern and others of his kind do point to social and cultural problems that may have contributed to the world Hitler built. Ethnic prejudice, unscrupulous businessmen, and a contempt for constitutional government probably did aid the Nazis in their ascent to power. The problem is the exaggerated emphasis that leftist Teutonophobes place on these factors, while disregarding other variables, like the revolutionary-socialist appeal of Nazism, the severity of Germany's depression, and Hitler's unique and evil genius. Moreover, Stern anachronistically links the "German catastrophe" to an earlier generation's failure to think like himself. Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn (in the September 11, 1987, issue of NATIONAL REVIEW) recalls his irritation fifty years ago when German refugees were telling the American public that "National Socialism was the work of

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wicked capitalists eager to destroy the labor unions, aided and abetted by big landowners, by heel-clicking, monocled Junkers with horsewhips, by wife-beating, authoritarian professors, by fat Catholic bishops, and by arrogant bankers." The same cast of characters still dominates Stern's narrative, despite modest attempts at variation. By now, we are entitled to something more suitable for grown-ups. □

LES SAUVAGES D'ECOSSE

J. O. Tate

Celtic Warfare, 1595-1763, by James Michael Hill (Humanities Press International, 214 pp., $29.95)

PROFESSOR HILL'S compact and pithy volume shouldn't simply be relegated to the library stacks, where good history books so often go. Never mind its status as a professional historical study. Never mind its elaborate apparatus of notes and bibliography. Consider instead the work's emotional impact, its broad historical and cultural implications, and the tension imparted by its style. Mr. Hill's tone—the impeccably correct accent of the academic lecturer—clashes grandly with the bloody substance of his narrative. The torque of his style and method, twisting against the burden of his story, produces a powerful dramatic force.

This is a Hegelian vision of history without the metaphysics, Marx without the determinism, Wallerstein done militarily. Professor Hill is dealing with a "conflict of cultures" as, "from 1595 until 1746, the Celtic fringe served as a battleground on which the forces of modernity sought to expunge the anachronism of Celtic civilization."

Hill's study of Celtic warfare shows us the Irish leaders Hugh O'Neill and Hugh O'Donnell, and the progression of battles from Clontibret (1599), Yellow Ford, Moyry Pass, and on to Kinsale (1601). His analysis goes beyond tactics and strategy to a larger view of the conflict:

> The objective that underlay the strategy of O'Neill and the Irish chieftains until 1601 was the defense of Ulster through the use of offensive tactics. The wars were fought largely within the borders of Ulster, and O'Neill's strategy was akin to that employed by the Confederate generals in the American Civil War. The Southern strategy was also based on the defense of the homeland against an invading army, and just as the Confederates marched from the familiar confines of the South to their defeat at Gettysburg, so too O'Neill and O'Donnell left Ulster and suffered irreversible defeat at Kinsale.

Hill's treatment of the civil war in Scotland (1644-47) focuses on the battles fought by those great but dissimilar allies, James Graham, Marquess of Montrose, and Alaisdair MacColla, the champion of Clan Donald:

> The dual nature of the war is personified in the characters and backgrounds of the two Royalist leaders. Montrose, whose family lived in the Forth and Earn Valleys along the Highland frontier, was the epitome of the young, handsome, articulate cavalier, carrying himself as confidently in the courts of Europe as on the remote battlefields of Scotland. MacColla, on the other hand, was a product of the tumultuous Gaelic world of the western Highlands and Isles and Ireland. Born supposedly on the remote Hebridean island of Colonsay, the young MacColla was the archetypal Celtic warrior.

The grand and tragic conflict of cultures unfolds in its military form as John Graham, Viscount Dundee, is killed at Killiecrankie (1689), having led the clans to their last great victory, a bloody one that implied an end to the success of the Highland charge. During the 'Fifteen (the Jacobite uprising of 1715), John Erskine, Earl of Mar, led the Highlanders to defeat at Preston and Sheriffmuir, largely because he wanted to transform his force into a conventional army. The essence of this book is its assertion that the Scots could never win that way—as Scots. During the 'Forty-Five, the followers of Prince Charles were again misled to strategic disaster. The grim aftermath of Culloden unleashed Celtic energies upon the world through the improbable medium of the British army. Having known the Scots' pugnacity so well, the English knew what effective soldiers they could be. Meanwhile, back home:

> In the next half-century the Scottish Highlands became sheep pasture, the clansmen became outlaws, British soldiers, or emigrants, and the once-proud clan chiefs became absentee landlords with luxurious dwellings in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and London. The subjugation of the Celtic fringe was a small step in the development of Anglo-Saxon commercialism, but to the Gaels in the British Isles it meant the end of their traditional way of life.

Hill does not let his story end until the Celtic military presence has been established in the New World:

> The military careers of MacColla and O'Neill provide a comparison that points up the Gaelic inability to implement the fundamentals of modern warfare. . . . Each was plagued by frequent desertion and a lack of discipline among the troops. Most importantly, neither could win a victory significant enough to destroy the power and will of the enemy. Like many Celtic commanders before and after them, they won most of the battles but lost the war.

Here we can sense a connection between Culloden and Franklin; we remember that Faulkner collated Culloden and Shiloh; and we can sense this volume's relation to the "Celtic thesis" as elaborated in Grady McWhiney and Perry D. Jamieson's *Attack and Die: Civil War Military Tactics and the Southern Heritage* (1982), and as pursued elsewhere by Forrest McDonald. The clans are connected to Southern clannishness, and to Scots-Irish ethnicity, and to much else, including, come to think of it, the name of the first Klan and the practice of burning crosses—which we read about in Sir Walter Scott, whom Mark Twain blamed for causing the Civil War. Professor Hill's "military" history, then, brings home the idea of the American Civil War as an inverted continuation of the English one. The "Celtic thesis" gives us a way to look at history and the cruel dialectic of modernization that takes us back all the way to Julius Caesar. □

SOUND ON DISC

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Ralph de Toledano

IN A COLLECTION of his critical pieces, the composer Virgil Thomson notes the "deep loveliness" of Gabriel Fauré's *Pelléas et Mélisande*. But in all other references, Fauré is but one in a list that almost always includes Ravel and Debussy. Paul Henry Lang, in his mon-

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umental history of Western music, gives Fauré high marks—in one paragraph. Is Fauré really no more than a semiquaver in post-Romantic music? He was a composer who could join together any half-dozen notes in touching melody, and whose deceptive appeal concealed rich and complex textures and patterns of probing subtlety.

In *Pelléas*, Fauré not only invested the Maeterlinck work in music, he made himself part of it. And he did so in measures of a poignancy and delicate beauty that nevertheless abided by a basic rule of "incidental" music —that it must at all times *dance*, even in the *molto adagio* of Mélisande's death. It can be argued, with no pejorative implications, that Fauré would have excelled at what in films is called "background" music, heightening the action while contributing to it. The score of *Pelléas* stands by itself with no need for a program, and its loveliness is indeed deep. You need never have heard of Maeterlinck to be held by it. In performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra—and conducted by Seiji Ozawa with pace, perception, and warmth—it is very fine. On the same CD (Deutsche Grammophon 423 089-2) are a number of shorter Fauré pieces, including his *Dolly* (no kin to *Hello*), which I found most engaging.

Perhaps we are seeing a revival. On another CD (Deutsche Grammophon 432 065-2) are two Fauré sonatas, played by Schlomo Mintz, violin, and Yefim Bronfman, piano. The first sonata was written when Fauré was 31, the second when he was 72, and they demonstrate the unity of his work, a total command of his medium, and an unfailing sense of the beat. As a rule, I am dubious of the violin-piano combination: conflicting *timbres* tend to disjoin the score. Fauré, who labored over his composition, was able to blend the two instruments without loss of their contrapuntal independence—or perhaps it is the rich sensitivity that Mintz and Bronfman bring to this performance that makes it so right.

☐ As I hear more of the Haydn catalogue, I am struck by the seeming contradiction that, although lacking Mozart's overwhelming genius, Haydn was nevertheless a greater and sounder composer. Corno di Bassetto, a/k/a George Bernard Shaw, would have shouted at this and called me a dunderhead, but now and then he almost

admitted it. Nowhere, for example, in Haydn's Masses can you find a passage with the unearthly beauty of the *arioso "Et incarnatus est"* of Mozart's Great Mass in C. Yet nowhere could Mozart sustain a Mass as a whole with Haydn's sureness.

I think you will agree when you hear Haydn's two *Orgelmessen* (organ Masses) stirringly performed by Uwe Christian Harrer, with the Vienna Symphony (Philips CD 420 162-2). Writing what is called a "symphonic" Mass, Haydn reached back in essence though not in style to the liturgy of an earlier day—and if you listen closely you may hear an echo of Tomás Luis de Victoria. On this CD, Haydn's *Missa in honorem Beatissimae Virginis Mariae* reached firmly up to God while acknowledging the corruption of the bone.

☐ Not that I would attempt to denigrate Mozart, which would be both foolish and ungrateful. The strength of his music and personality has survived the centuries, endlessly captivating us. That his symphonies have in our time survived the ministrations of Arturo Toscanini and others of the whip-the-violins-boys-here-comes-the-stagecoach school bespeaks the power of that music and that personality. Now we have begun to hear his symphonies in a form far closer to what he intended —certainly different from that which echoed from NBC's Studio 8H, in which the Maestro did his recording. The return to original instruments, which I have noted in my reviews of Paul Badura-Skoda's magnificent recordings, is unveiling much of the Mozart repertory—and the most recent addition is his last symphony, the Jupiter in C (K 551), played by the Orchestra of the Eighteenth Century, with Frans Bruggen conducting (Philips CD 420 241-2).

The modern orchestra, with its acres of instruments, belongs to Berlioz or Mahler—and sang gorgeously for Leopold Stokowski, a student of the physics of sound, when he kept his cotton-picking fingers off Bach. But scores for a limited number of instruments not yet made for bravura performance in large concert halls are engulfed by it. The inner voices are lost in the sweep and dynamics of today's orchestra. And though we can only suppose that we are hearing Mozart as he was—and wonder about the Mannheim school—I find what Bruggen and his orchestra give us is very satisfying and *right*.

☐ Beethoven deplored transcriptions of works, say, from the violin to the piano. So we may wonder what he would have felt at Franz Liszt's transliteration of the Symphony No. 5 in C minor to a piano score. In the days before the phonograph and the radio, such transcriptions served a purpose. Small cities that could not afford a symphony orchestra could still get a whiff of Beethoven's gunpowder. The Liszt transcription serves another purpose by giving us an insight into what Beethoven was about as he composed this most popular of his symphonies. And as performed by Paul Badura-Skoda for Harmonia Mundi (3364 South Robertson Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90034, on CD HMC 901195) it gives us the pleasure of watching him ride that warhorse to a fare-thee-well. What's more, we *listen*, which we sometimes fail to do for the Fifth when sitting in the concert hall.

☐ We tend to think of Tchaikovsky's *The Nutcracker* ballet music as part of Christmas. Philips has issued it boxed on two chromium-dioxide cassettes (420 237-2) in a rousing performance by Semyon Bychkov and the Berlin Philharmonic. If you cannot afford to have the Bolshoi perform in your living room, you can at least close your eyes and be your own choreographer. ☐

FILM

REVISIONIST AUTOBIOGRAPHY

John Simon

ONE OF the hallmarks of a good film is that it stays in your mind: certain images, scenes, bits of dialogue —even a movement here, an expression there—become part of your experience just as if you had lived them, which, in a sense, you have. Not so in

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Louis Malle's *Au Revoir les enfants*, a film that goes by you with a minimum of lasting impressions, and which the memory seems almost eager to relinquish. Not because this would-be autobiographical story about Nazi persecution of the Jews in France hurts too much, but because a subject of immense import emerges rather disembodied, lightweight.

At the Petit Collège d'Avon, near Fontainebleau, the 12-year-old Louis Malle knew (though, apparently, not very well) a Jewish boy, whom, along with two others, the priests who ran the school smuggled in as a Christian. After only a few weeks, in January 1944, the three boys were (again apparently—Malle is vague in his interviews about what really happened) betrayed to the Germans, and shipped off to Auschwitz to die. Father Jean, as the school's admirable principal is called in the film, was sent off to a work camp, where he continued to be bravely self-sacrificing, but succumbed, shortly after his liberation, from the hardships he had endured. He strikes me as much the most interesting character in *Au Revoir les enfants*, and I wish the film were about him rather than about the two boys Malle fails to make vivid and remarkable.

The director claims that this film has haunted him for years, but that it was only now that he was capable of making it. The intent seems to be expiation vis-à-vis those less fortunate than rich little Louis, who survived the war, and a coming to terms with perhaps more than the possible betrayal of one Jewish boy—with leaving behind France and enjoying life in America. And, to be sure, France and Frenchness are easy to feel ambivalent about. For here are a country and a people that have, over the centuries, been leaders in intellectual and artistic accomplishments, but who have also displayed spectacular chauvinism, xenophobia, anti-Semitism, petit-bourgeois meanness, and bohemian anomie (just count the pejoratives in this sentence with which French has enriched our vocabulary). No country is riper for love-hate than France.

So we have Malle beating his breast while also beating his drum. There is something mighty curious about a man who tries to come to terms with his past by, first, making himself guiltier than he actually was by *inventing* the possible betrayal of a schoolmate, and, next, *inventing* the doomed friend's acquittal of him. This looks rather like attempting to accumulate brownie points both for over-self-incrimination and for over-self-exculpation, where, in truth, only demerits are called for.

We are given the largely fictitious story of how Julien Quentin, a spoiled *maman*'s boy, yet also tough and, of course, sensitive and bright, becomes the only kid at the *collège* to befriend Jean Bonnet, whose Jewishness the fathers do not reveal to the students, but who nevertheless remains an outsider. Bonnet, whose real name and identity Julien eventually discovers, is as exceptionally gifted as Julien, perhaps even more so; but how could even the second-best boy at the school have been such a fool as to stare at his pal in front of the Gestapo officer come to ferret out the Jews among the pupils? And would Jean have merely told Julien, calmly and politely, that it was all right, that he would have been found out anyway? Or is this hagiography, junior division?

The director has tried to make an understated film on a highly charged subject, in theory at least a canny choice. But it is well to remember Roy Campbell's lampoon, "On Some South African Novelists," which Stanley Kauffmann is fond of quoting: "You praise the firm restraint with which they write— / I'm with you, there, of course: / They use the snaffle and the curb all right, / But where's the bloody horse?" The clipped, fast-paced scenes in which the film soberly canters along manage to be almost completely devoid of any emotion. Take the opening scene, in which Julien, his older brother, and other boys are about to leave for school from a wartime Paris railway platform. Julien, who adores his superficial, flighty, elegant mother (the father is always absent on business), carries on and doesn't want to board the train, but finally must with

her lipstick on his brow like the mark of Abel. This could be galvanizing in the emotional undercurrents connecting mother, crybaby, older brother, jeering other boys. But nothing beyond the most obvious is conveyed.

At school, Julien is a bedwetter and standoffish, small but haughty, and fierce in defending his territory. Nevertheless, he eventually recognizes in Jean Bonnet an equal—or, indeed, a superior—and an uneasy, often frayed, but keen friendship develops. Malle does get across some of the rigors of schooldays under the Occupation, mostly in a few sequences involving inadequate food and heating, minor but scary harassment by Germans or collaborationists, and the rich boys' patronizing dependence on Joseph, the orphaned and gimpy kitchen boy and black-marketeer. But he does not succeed in enlivening the diverse relationships between boys and teachers and boys and boys—least of all the growing bond between Jean and Julien.

When one thinks of what successes the French cinema has scored with comic and troubled adolescents in and out of school—from *Poil de Carotte* to *The 400 Blows*, from *Zero for Conduct* to even such a small but racily authentic film as Jean-Loup Hubert's current *Le grand Chemin* (badly Englished as *The Grand Highway*)—*Au Revoir les enfants* is enervatingly lacking in resonant detail, wrenching perception, liberating laughter or tears. It is full of good taste and utterly lacking in savor. Typical is an episode in which, during an air raid, Jean and Julien play hooky from the air-raid shelter to play the school piano. Julien, a hopeless no-talent, is given a few pointers by the outstandingly musical Jean, and forthwith they are making four-handed music worthy of public performance. Such falsity of particulars hounds and mars the movie.

Malle is not especially lucky in his casting, either. Gaspard Manesse looks right for Julien (though not for Malle), but is neither a versatile nor an eloquent performer. And Raphaël Fejtö, as Jean Bonnet (whose real name, in a less than engrossing scene, is revealed to be Kippelstein), is stolid of appearance as well as of performance. Crashingly average, too, is Francine Racette, as Julien's supposedly spellbinding mother. The best work comes from Philippe Morier-Genoud, who invests Father Jean (why are both the

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saintly ones called Jean?) with stunningly unsentimentalized moral strength —though would he, on a Parents' Day during the Occupation, deliver quite so impassioned a philippic against the rich, and alienate the wealthy parents in the pews?—and from François Négret, as the treacherous kitchen boy, whose character echoes that of the hero of Malle's earlier, and incomparably better, film, *Lacombe, Lucien*. But there Malle had the good sense to hire a co-scenarist, Patrick Modiano, to say nothing of his good fortune in having in the lead Pierre Blaise, soon after killed in a motorcycle accident.

There is fine, restrained but revelatory cinematography by Renato Berta, and the closing scenes, finally, do generate almost inevitable excitement (unlike, say, the parlous treasure hunt in Fontainebleau forest, which falls flat), but it is too little, too late. The film clearly lives off its topic rather than its achievement, which, given the enormousness and enormity of that topic, leaves us with a queasy feeling as we leave it.

ROMAN POLANSKI, once one of the cinema's brightest hopes (*Knife in the Water*, *Chinatown*), continues his floundering with *Frantic*. Though not so bad and ridiculous as most of Polanski's recent outings, *Frantic*, coscripted with the accomplished Gérard Brach, is unbelievable, uninteresting, and profoundly unoriginal. Just about the only idiosyncratic touches are 1)

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

THOMAS WEYR'S *Hispanic U.S.A.: Breaking the Melting Pot* (Harper & Row, $19.95) conveys a spirit of benign approval, of an enlightened confidence in the unfolding, inescapable developments of a fundamentally progressive world. In working on this book, Weyr apparently found nothing much to disturb his equanimity. Readers with different perspectives, however, may react otherwise; it is perhaps they, paradoxically, who will carry away the most food for thought from this essentially superficial and insipid volume.

Weyr explains that his intention to produce a "general book about Hispanic-Americans" was formed in the early 1980s, in response primarily to their numbers (which "were climbing out of sight") but also to their uniqueness in the history of immigrant groups in the United States, from whom they differ in not considering themselves "immigrants" at all, owing to a history that Weyr concedes to be as much myth and legend as fact. "They have been here for 450 years and for 45 seconds. They may number 18 million or 20 million or 23 million, even 30 million. They are establishing Spanish as a second language [in the U.S.] alongside English. They have built a new and vibrant [read "progressive"] Hispanic Catholic Church, and encouraged Protestant sects to compete for their souls. They are constructing a new culture and a new consciousness. They are changing the country. They are breaking the melting pot." Here Weyr might have paused to reflect that the United States—a country riven by ethnic and racial resentments incurred by previous waves of immigrants to the point where the (liberal) historian Andrew Hacker announced in 1970 its demise as a nation-state—is already afflicted by more "new cultures" and "consciousnesses" than it can successfully deal with. Instead, he proceeds blandly: "They want to assimilate and to remain separate, to be part of the mainstream and to retain their own identity. Not . . . another Quebec, but identity conferred by a larger culture of history, myth, geography, religion, education, language, and affairs of state." (Reading that sentence, I was reminded of the incident described by Mark Twain in *Roughing It*, in which one homesteader's ranch slides downhill in an avalanche and lands on top of his neighbor's, giving rise to strongly disputed questions of property rights.)

After rehearsing a few statistics on immigration, legal and illegal, to this country over the past twenty years, he concludes that there is, after all, nothing much to be done about it: "These are the numbers that will assure Hispanic separateness far into the future because they promise a constant renewal and a growing diversity among the various Hispanic communities. . . . Geography gives Hispanics the option of life in both Americas, in two places and in two cultures, something earlier immigrants never had."

Apparently blind, throughout much of *Hispanic U.S.A.*, to the implications of his own work, Weyr unconsciously suggests possible answers to questions currently of interest to politicians and academicians alike, the most important being why the immigrants of the Sixties, Seventies, and Eighties, the majority of them Latins and Asians, have failed to conform to the historical pattern of assimilation established by earlier immigrants to this country. The obvious explanation is the cultural one that provides Weyr with his thesis; yet certainly it is significant that the Latin/Asian immigrant wave is the first to have arrived on these shores after the elaborate apparatus of the liberal welfare state was in place. When the Irish, Germans, Italians, Greeks, Serbo-Croatians, and Jews got here in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, it was do-or-die, with no bureaucratic officials to insist that public-school children be tutored in their native languages by specially recruited teachers, or that election ballots and municipal signs be printed and lettered in alien tongues. The other question upon which Weyr throws unintentional light is the failure of the amnesty plan mandated by the Simpson-Mazzoli-Rodino Immigration Reform Act —a failure Weyr attributes to the inability of the INS to "communicate the reality of amnesty" to eligible illegals highly suspicious of the *bona fides* of *la Migra*, but one which, on his own evidence, can more reasonably be seen to reflect a profound disinclination on the part of the majority of Hispanics to incorporate themselves in the polity of a country that represents for them no more than a cornucopia of economic benefits and free social services.

"The movement of peoples," writes Weyr—who seems to accept in part the "myth" underlying the *Reconquista* —"once unleashed, has a logic of its own that pays little heed to legal niceties." Well, perhaps. But it is for God to orchestrate patterns of historical irony, while man's duty remains to protect and preserve that which he has and has made. □

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the hero's inability to leave the building where someone has been killed because a whore and her john are copulating in the doorway, and 2) a sudden distraction in another scene caused by a pair of pigeons doing likewise on a window sill.

The story is a sort of cross between *The Lady Vanishes* and *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, which wouldn't be so bad if it weren't for Polanski's nearly total lack of Hitchcockian savvy, one leading man who knows too little about acting, and two leading ladies who should have vanished before they began. As a non-French-speaking American doctor who arrives in Paris for a medical conference, Harrison Ford takes dullness to heights even Charlton Heston and Gregory Peck would have found hard to scale. I can well believe the character's inability to speak two words of French; it is his ability to say one in English that amazes me. Betty Buckley, as his wife, who promptly disappears under circumstances so incredible that the rest of the film has a hard time equaling them (though, Lord knows, it keeps trying), whines through her part contemptibly. Emmanuelle Seigner, as an amoral but fundamentally decent young swinger, is, I hope, better as a fashion model and Polanski's girlfriend, both of which she is, than as an actress, which she isn't.

The only things that ring true are Polanski's dislike of the French (or, perhaps, any other) police and his contempt for the staff of the American (and, possibly, no other) Embassy. But that is not enough for a long film, even one that has among its credits a "Nightlife Advisor." What was needed was a filmmaking advisor. □

THE GIMLET EYE

THE PARTY LINE

D. Keith Mano

BEEP.

"Anybody out there?"

"Yeah. Spiderman from Bensonhurst and Vinnie from Rego Park. Who're you?"

"Cool Hand from the Bronx. Isn't there no women here?"

"I'm here."

"Who's 'I'm'?"

"Sheena from Dyckman Street."

"Yo, Sheena. How about we get the operator to cut us out a private line?"

"I don't know you."

"Come on. Let's chill out together. You'll have the time of your life."

"Well, okay."

"Way t'go Cool Hand—you scored."

BEEP.

"Anybody out there?"

Just dial 10041-1-700-777-7777 and, BEEP, you'll be hurled through outspoken space. I dangle there, rootless as an air plant. Anonymous voices circle and float around me like satellite debris. It is a disquieting, phantom experience. Souls that refine their substance down to sheerest energy must gather so on the other side. In somewhat more elevated discourse, I trust. It is the world that blind people regularly inhabit. From mere intonation, from regional accent and word choice alone, I try to construct some likeness of my companions. That doesn't work. I am hidden and powerful. I am vulnerable and ambushed often. I eavesdrop across populous boroughs. This is The Party Line, available in New York and Philadelphia at one fast dollar per minute. It opened just after Thanksgiving. By February, in New York alone, it was completing more than—BEEP—*100,000 calls a day.*

Brendan Corrigan and Kevin Goodman came up with The Party Line. Their prototype system (still ringing away in California) charged $2 per minute for a three-minute call. Despite that restriction, equipment was at full load after just one day. In New York (where Corrigan and Goodman outraced the phone company itself to install the first service), conversation length is without limit. Eight people make up each conference call (sixty such octets can be plugged in at any one moment). And there is further sophistication. Operators social-direct The Party Line. If, for instance, no women speak up, an operator may—at your request and with their acquiescence—chaperon some over from another conference. Better yet: if he and she hit it off, the operator can splice them into a private-line assignation. Voice-activated lust. As callers come on line, they are each given a number by the computer—a number that will flash when that person is speaking. Should someone use obscene language, the operator can locate and disconnect. "Actually," Corrigan told me, "I'm amazed at how well behaved they are."

It is to American social life what the spinning jenny was to yarn: brilliant, innovative: and, like that spindle thing, it mass-produces. Corrigan, age 29, a New York kid who will be the most significant graduate ever of Rockland County Community College, had marketing experience with AT&T. He is worth megamillions in prospect. The equipment has been expensive. But Corrigan and Goodman own a patent on their masterful software. And, after you deduct those considerable start-up costs, the profit margin is very high. Think it over: 100,000 calls per day at, say, a quarter-hour each—$1,500,000. More than half a billion invoiced per year *just from New York*. Corrigan and Goodman have already set up a gay line. And soon they go national—Atlanta and Ohio are next—all processed through the New York switchboard. Dial those sevens around 1990 and you'll be able to confer with strange people in any American town.

There is, however, an exploitative, windfall component in this as well. I poll my voices: how often do they talk? After all, just one half-hour per day is enough to wipe out the entire take-home of any average American. Tiger Woman told me she was on the line at least four hours each night. Another "meditated to keep the bill from coming." But, yes, her girlfriend had run up a $5,600 tab and is "paying it off at $20 each month forever." Many call from work. Children dial when mom and dad are out (although operators are supposed to unhook anyone under 18). The telephone long ago became a national pacifier. "I think," said Corrigan, "we've been very understanding with parents whose children call up. And, if you didn't want to call ever again, but you couldn't

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control yourself, we have the ability to disconnect someone's telephone from being able to call our switch." Electronic cold turkey.

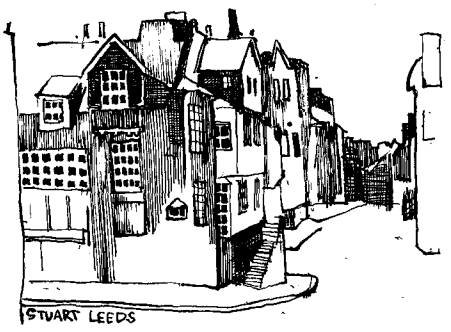
That isn't my dial tone: that's subsexual tension I hear. So far The Party Line has served more or less as a date-screening device. "Your bar scene is over. People are very cautious. This is a safe way to socialize." Subscribers are typically young. And they do meet through The Party Line. What I find intriguing is the high percentage (thirty, I'd guess) of women who touch-tone in. "Many people just listen. There are definitely voyeuristic aspects to it. We feel that the fact that the caller remains anonymous plays a big part." Moreover, even I am attractive by phone. For once being fat or wall-eyed or bald is not a disqualification. Women who have never preened before can flirt with six men here. Moreover, there is terrific release, almost sexual by itself, in being able to control the scene. Relationships can be cut off summarily: no one need even know you've been rude. I'm sure there are moments in any marriage, say, when either spouse just wanted to hang up.

Back awhile, writing about phone sex, I said, "Some consider it impersonal, electronic, cold . . . Me, I'm a word broker. I think the best thing about it is *you have to use language.*" Well, I take that back. Aside from the occasional four-letter bleep and a much more frequent black-white male confrontation, Party Line conversation is duller than head-cleaner tape. People have nothing whatever to say: and other people accept that. If, as critics tell us, "less is more," then these folk are *loaded,* believe me. They require just some, enough, companionable drone. As kittens cherish the heartbeat noise of a mother cat. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Hardball: The Education of a Baseball Commissioner, by Bowie Kuhn (Times Books, 453 pp., $19.95)

BOWIE KUHN has seldom been mentioned in the same breath as baseball's first commissioner, the tyrannical Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, but it is time for him to be recognized as the Judge's equal, and perhaps as



his superior. For *Hardball,* a book in the tradition of baseball's liveliest apologias (*à la* Ty Cobb, Rogers Hornsby, and Ted Williams), shows how Kuhn guided the game successfully through the toughest times in its history. When Kuhn took over as commissioner pro tempore in 1969, baseball was facing serious problems: stagnant attendance, the dominance of pitching on the field, poor television contracts, and increasing competition from pro football and basketball. A series of new, even stiffer, challenges confronted Kuhn throughout his two seven-year terms: the Denny McLain gambling scandal; Curt Flood's legal challenge of the reserve clause; the Hank Aaron controversy (Kuhn forbade the Braves to hold Aaron out of a series in Cincinnati to ensure he'd break Babe Ruth's home-run record in Atlanta); ill-advised franchise shifts; the growth of corporate ownership; drugs; and, particularly, an increasingly militant players' union and the dawning of the free-agency era, "an era of fiscal irresponsibility by ownership that has not abated to this day." His readiness to restrain wayward owners and to discipline them with fines and even suspensions whenever their pursuit of selfish interests conflicted with the "good of the game" proved the unfairness of the charge that Kuhn was a "pawn of ownership." The considerable wit and humor, much of it self-deprecating, of *Hardball* similarly undercuts the image of Kuhn as a pompous stuffed shirt. The introduction of post-season night games, the negotiation of a six-year, $1.1-billion TV deal, and making Negro League stars eligible for the Hall of Fame were among his accomplishments, but nothing was more significant than the enormous popularity baseball achieved during his tenure. Those who believe that Bowie Kuhn was merely coincidental to that boom will have to reassess their thinking after reading *Hardball.* MIKE SHANNON

LEJEUNE

(Continued from page 29)

health care. They were told horror stories about American families ruined by medical bills and the poor left to die uncared for. "The American system" has been used as a bogey, a deterrent against any radical change in the NHS.

Private health care has been stigmatized as immoral, even "obscene," and the private sector as "parasitical" on the NHS. Neil Kinnock, the leader of the Labour Party, although not actually proposing to make it illegal (which at one time was Labour Party policy), promised ambiguously during the last election campaign: "We will end the advantage secured by people in making private provision for themselves." The Health Service unions have obstructed attempts at cooperation between the NHS and the private sector, and the trade-union movement as a whole has rejected, in pious horror, suggestions that private health insurance might be included in wage deals. The advertisements for health insurance have accordingly adopted a defensive tone: "There is nothing antisocial in making your own provision to guard your own health. Indeed you will take some of the strain off the hard-pressed National Health Service."

The political and psychological obstacles to any radical change therefore were, and still are, formidable; the Conservatives had cause for nervousness. But the hard truth is that the National Health Service, in its present form, cannot deliver the standard of care that a modern industrialized country is entitled to expect. Throwing in more dribs and drabs of the taxpayers' money will never be enough, and no tinkering with the organization will transform it into what it should be.

The obvious approach—obvious to anybody not ideologically or sentimentally committed to a public monopoly of essential services—must be to draw on the natural willingness of human beings to pay money for their own families' care which it would be politically difficult and economically harmful to extract from them through taxation. Giving independence to the patient would also bring a salutary market discipline to the running of hospitals and to the service that general practitioners offer. Within this approach lie various possibilities, ranging from tax concessions, through a

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choice between private insurance and the NHS, to vouchers that could be spent at any hospital or for any doctor's services. A tax-funded safety net will no doubt always remain; how to deal with catastrophic and chronic conditions needs special thought—as, truly, it does in America. But the great step forward will be that the whole question of health care should actually be rethought.

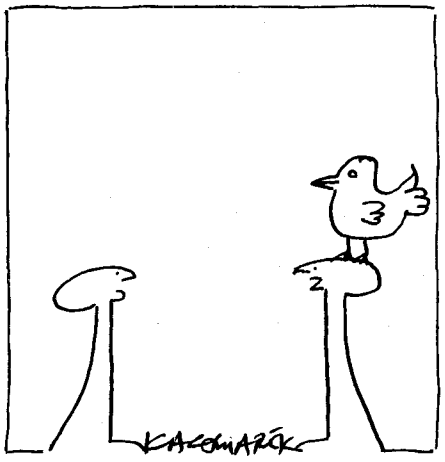
What has happened to the NHS is a vivid instance of a general principle. Any institution that is financed by government with taxpayers' money will become a political football; and the more money involved, the louder and more continuous the dispute. And the institution itself will tend to become a producers' lobby. The delivery of health care in the United States may be far from perfect, but American politicians who are tempted to offer anything like the British system should pause and consider that, although it might bring them votes in the short run, it would bring them a heap of trouble ever afterward. □

BROOKHISER

(Continued from page 30)

also heard this Southern campaign before. Eight years ago, another candidate ran on his leadership skills (he called it "wheeling and dealing in the Congress"). He roared into South Carolina talking tough on textiles; he also had Strom Thurmond's endorsement.

Today, John Connally is auctioning his ranch. Bob Dole isn't quite so badly off, but things could be better. Even as the Super Tuesday returns were flowing over him, he challenged Bush to a series of debates—a sure sign of desperation.



"Some guys have it, others don't."

Dole's floundering campaign was graced by a last-minute endorsement from Jeane Kirkpatrick. It was the most spectacular piece of bad timing in that honorable diplomat's career since the beginning of the Falklands War found her in Buenos Aires. George Will, a Dole fan of old, pulled manfully at his oar on the news shows, arguing that all recent polls showed Bush running a weaker race against the Democrats. They said the same thing about Reagan.

MY INSTINCTS told me in October that Dole was going nowhere. They didn't tell me the same of Jack Kemp. Clearly, in Kemp's case, they were fogged by desire.

For a post-mortem on Kemp I called Jude Wanniski, guru of the supply side, and Paul Weyrich, guru of the New Right. Intellectually, Wanniski is like the scientist in *Back to the Future*—half of the things he builds blow up, but occasionally he invents a time machine. Weyrich is a marksman who never blinks, and rarely misses.

Both deplored the thrust of Kemp's campaign in its last days—people "have a picture," Wanniski said he told Kemp, "that as soon as you're elected President, you're going to march down to the Social Security building with a shotgun and sit there for all your first term"—though they proposed different retrospective remedies. Wanniski felt Kemp should have gone global, showing voters where his programs would put them in a world economy. Weyrich argued that Kemp should have aimed to consolidate the Right as early as 1985 by taking flamboyant conservative stands, pitched to the grass roots nationwide. Wanniski cited Dick Gephardt's Hyundai ad as a successful, if twisted, instance of concern for global relationships; Weyrich suggested, as a hot issue, arguing that failure in Nicaragua would unleash a flood of Central American refugees.

My feeling is that, tactically, Kemp fell between two stools. His stump speech was full of globalisms—the good shepherd, the gold standard—while his debates and his ads focused heavily on the micro stuff—Notch Babies, oil-import fees. He came across as a champagne taste with a beer-bottle pocket.

Before Iowa, I suspected that, on a deeper level, Kemp's temperament was simply too dissonant. The Right isn't ready for the red, red robin. Another factor must be considered—that some of Kemp's target audiences were also dissonant. Kemp pitched heavily to blacks and Hispanics, realizing that a Democratic ticket that loses even a fraction of its usual totals among those groups is a losing ticket. One hesitates to say that this put conservatives off, because the Left says it in order to impute racism. Is this better? Conservatives have accused "moderates" for thirty years of wanting to keep the GOP a club. Perhaps conservatives have their own clubbiness.

ALBERT GORE will make us all write like John Dryden. That's what *The New Republic* says: "for Gore, language is an instrument of a disciplined intelligence." President Gore "might by himself do more than a dozen educational reforms to inspire the young toward a richer relationship with the English language."

Back on earth, Gore made his Southern move, and won in five Border and outer-Southern states. Objectively, this was not a particularly impressive showing for the regional champion. Jesse Jackson carried as many states, and Michael Dukakis copped the two biggest ones.

It was enough to demote Dick Gephardt to favorite-son-dom, though, thus quashing the Democrat both Dukakis and the Republican Party were said most to fear. Gore also, to his credit, said of Jackson in the Williamsburg debate the hitherto unsayable: ". . . he does not have a record to talk about in public life." No matter. Jackson continued his march to the mainstream, hitting, as a new issue, an old issue for him, drugs—"the greatest threat to our national security."

Dukakis meanwhile made the ethnic rounds, speaking Spanish in south Texas and promising White House Passover seders in Miami. All he omitted to do was throw plates. His most obvious weaknesses as a nominee will arise when he is forced to consider foreign countries as something other than the Old Country. Dukakis's foreign-policy experience consists, as Gephardt put it, "of negotiating with the governor of New Hampshire."

We started with 13; we're now approaching six. Not as bloody as a purge, but just as effective. □

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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MASSACHUSETTS-BASED, Franco-Irish practicing Catholic: single, conservative male, 29, 5'11", handsome, witty, fit, non-smoking, non-drinking marketing-arts director whose interests include Beatles music, Hitchcock films, dining out, dancing, and Trivial Pursuit—seeks attractive, practicing-Catholic professional woman who is humorous, assertive, and imaginative, with similar/complementary interests. Photo preferred, please. NR Box 5093.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

FRED BARNES ON [RICHARD] GEPHARDT:

Two days before the New Hampshire primary, columnist Mike Barnicle of the *Boston Globe* wrote of him, "If he thought dressing up like a vegetable would help him win, [he'd] appear as a head of lettuce."

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SISTER OF SHY, 38-year-old research physicist, amateur flutist, seeks match for brother in greater Los Angeles. He's brilliant, educated, kind, ethical, witty, useful, healthy, financially comfortable, attractive; interested in conservative politics, classical music, and travel. Needs lady (30–40) who is likewise, plus outgoing and socially confident. Warning: Dresses like nerd when not under sister's supervision. NR Box 6041.

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GEORGE BUSH, REBORN

ROUGEMONT, MARCH 14

THOSE OF US who, following the caucus vote in Iowa, declared it too early to count Bush out are drawn to emphasize different points now that Mr. Bush has all but secured the Republican nomination. And the principal point to make is that George Bush is publicly seen as being most awfully boring.

Along with practically everybody else, I have reflected on what happens to Vice Presidents, most acutely having lived through what was seen as the public decomposition of Hubert Humphrey. In 1968 Humphrey was widely scorned by the Left intelligentsia for the sin of having kept company with Lyndon Johnson, whom said intelligentsia loathed above all living creatures, and most dead creatures. But others too lost faith in him. It seemed impossible that this political springhead, this gusher of liberal idealism, of spontaneity and effervescence, should have acquired so flat a dimension. Would Winston Churchill have become a wallflower if he had been an American Vice President? There are those who tell you that not only is there an appearance of etiolation among those who serve as Vice President—it actually happens to you.

I doubt this to be true and have the directest evidence of it. The story is this. On a particular day in the winter of 1970 I found myself seated at lunch next to Senator Stuart Symington. I asked him whether he had tuned in the night before to Walter Cronkite's CBS interview with former President Lyndon Johnson.

Not only had he done so, said Mr. Symington, he had done so in the company of Hubert Humphrey.

Oh? What, I asked—who would not have asked?—had been Hubert Humphrey's reaction to what LBJ said about why Humphrey had lost the election? Johnson said that Humphrey lost because of the speech he delivered in Denver, in which he expressed reservations about the way we had committed ourselves in Vietnam.

How did he *take* it?—Senator Symington howled—Hubert said to me after the broadcast: Stu, I really wish I was President right now. Because if I was, I would order a division of U.S. Marines to lift Cleopatra's Needle from London, fly it to Texas, and stick it up Lyndon Johnson's ---.

George Bush faces two problems. The first internal, the second external. Already the kind of forces that advised Thomas E. Dewey in 1948 to be bland are at work on Bush, encouraging whatever it is within him that seeks out the prudent alternative. The day before Super Tuesday, reporter David Hoffman of the *Washington Post* was writing of complaints from the field of Bush's somnolent appearances. Hoffman described Mr. Bush in Springfield, Missouri, reviewing the World's Fishing Fair. Bush's only comment: "I'll tell you something. If this country ever loses its interest in sports or ever loses its interest in fishing, we got real trouble and I don't think that's going to ever happen." I mean, a couple of months of fishing fairs, and the people would vote for Ralph Nader.

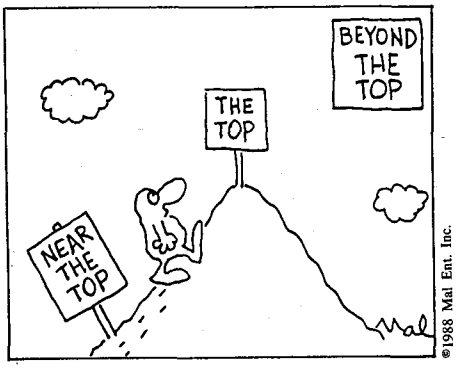
George Bush has to turn whatever switches only he can turn within himself to permit to come out of hiding the personality that his old friends and acquaintances (I have known him since 1948) are familiar with.

The second release can only be sprung by Ronald Reagan.

There are broad alternative avenues open to a President in the years ahead, and Mr. Bush should, on his own, advise us which appeal to him the most. The most important question to answer is: How are we going to guard against the decomposition of our alliance in Europe? The second is, How are we going to cultivate the most valuable of all American resources, which is the latent vitality of conservative impulses to self-help, industry, patriotism, honor, and the integrity of the family?

This is not to suggest that President Reagan will not be giving his own speeches, touching on these subjects. But Mr. Bush ought to be permitted to enunciate what distinctive policies he would pursue after his inauguration. There should be a freshness of approach in these that attracts a following of its own and that energizes the enthusiasm of a somewhat reluctant conservative constituency.

Mr. Bush will never successfully compete with the Great Communicator. Accordingly he should seek out a style of his own: but he can only do this confidently after assurances from the President that he will not misinterpret a decision to strike out on his own as an act of parricide. Bush should not be understood as seeking to slay his father, whom he properly reveres. But he should be seen as preparing to leave his father's house, prepared to inhabit his own. □



HUMAN RIGHTS RIDE AGAIN

ROUGEMONT, MARCH 11

EVEN THOUGH the 8:30 A.M. English-language news issues from Geneva, there was no mention today of the developments yesterday—in Geneva—at the United Nations Commission on Human Rights. It was the big day of the UN Human Rights season, and Maureen Reagan was in town as a member of the U.S. delegation, and also Vernon Walters, our ambassador to the UN. The chairman of this year's delegation to that commission is Armando Valladares (now a U.S. citizen), and if he is not an expert on human rights in Cuba, then Rudolf Hess knew nothing about life inside Spandau Prison. What happened? Let the suspense reign . . .

The United States was fervently backing the most modest human-rights resolution ever formulated. It followed the conventional pattern of those resolutions, which come in UN-sonnet form. The first eight or ten batches of prose describe the motives of the resolution's originator ("Aware of its responsibility to promote and encourage respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms; Recalling Economic and Social Council resolution 1235 . . ."—until staggereth the patience of any nonbureaucratic reader). After that, three or four patches of prose that state the resolution.

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In this case, all the United States was asking for was that Cuba be urged by the Secretary General of the UN to permit the Red Cross to travel to Cuba to examine its prisons. One would think this a reasonable request. In the first place, Cuba could always say, No, the Red Cross *can't* examine our prisons. And what then would happen? Nothing.

But in the surrealistic world of the UN, these things achieve their own importance, so that intensive lobbying went on for weeks. As one might expect, a vicious campaign was mounted against Armando Valladares's *Against All Hope*, a brilliant, devastating exposé of 22 years' life in Castro's prisons. It was charged that Valladares had been—oh, a member of the Nazi Youth Guild, or whatever: even the most fastidious clerks tend to forget what was today's distortion extruded by the Castro propaganda machine.

One unusual development was embarrassing not so much to Castro, who is not easily embarrassed (he wasn't embarrassed in 1962 when the Soviet Union was detected having moved one-half of its nuclear missiles into Cuba); but embarrassing to Felipe González, the prime minister of Spain. The Madrid daily *ABC* got hold of an official, confidential report on human rights in Cuba prepared for the Spanish government by Spaniards, which report concluded, to use language more economically than the UN, that there *are* no human rights in Cuba. But such is the fraternal feeling of Socialist Prime Minister Felipe González for Castro (they exchanged, a couple of years ago, on Castro's first and only trip to Europe, the biggest public smooch in the history of osculation), that the government managed to suppress the report's circulation. Spain was left pretending to be unaware of the state of human liberties in Cuba, and was therefore determined to vote against the U.S. resolution. If you can follow a little Byzantine thought, it went as follows: If a) the Red Cross were to enter Cuba and report that the prisons and psychiatric institutions were in fact torturing political prisoners, then b) the report of Spain's secret commission investigating human rights would indeed be verified; but c) since that report had been suppressed, the result of that verification would be embarrassing to the Spanish government. That is a specimen of UN-logic.

IN ANY event, tension mounted greatly, and huge efforts were made to line up the votes. One arithmetician figured that the deciding vote might be cast by São Tomé. The Europeans, with the exception of Spain, were with us. The Communist bloc and its fellow travelers, against—of course. The big effort was not to persuade the Latin American states to vote *for* us—that would be too much to expect—but to abstain. Our representatives in Geneva know that most Latin American countries do not dare to show hostility to Cuba. Castro might send Che Guevara Jr. to do a little terrorizing in return. On the other hand, to abstain or to vote in favor of Cuba costs nobody anything.

The great moment came: and FLASH! the Cuban government proposed that a delegation from the Human Rights Commission travel to Cuba to see for themselves how squeaky-clean Cuban prisons are and how secure Cuban rights are. There was instant commotion, and the Senegalese chairman said he wanted to modify the invitation at least to the extent of turning it around: the UN investigators' trip to Cuba would be paid for by the United Nations Commission on Human Rights, not by Castro. That seemed a major concession, when Castro said okay. And so? The Cuban proposal was carried, unanimously.

And that is the kind of thing that has passed for a concern for human rights by the United Nations for 45 years. □

PENETRATING DUKAKIS

NEW YORK, MARCH 4

THE FOLLOWING exchange between candidate Richard Gephardt and candidate Michael Dukakis was reported in the *Chicago Tribune* on March 1.

"Are you proud of that vote?" (Dukakis to Gephardt, on the 1981 tax reduction, for which Gephardt had voted.) "Yes or no?"

"I'm proud to lower taxes by two-thirds on people earning $50,000 and below," said Gephardt. "You bet I am."

"Even though it's resulted in [the] massive deficit," insisted Dukakis, "turning this nation from the largest creditor nation in the world into the largest debtor, creating most of the trade problems you've been talking about for the past several months, and opening up loopholes for the wealthy that even David Stockman said was pigs feeding at the trough?"

Are you ready?

1. Federal revenues did not diminish between 1980 and 1987—notwithstanding that there were cuts of more than 50 per cent in marginal tax rates. Not even Governor Dukakis can plausibly maintain that a tax cut can cause an increase in federal spending as a percentage of GNP.

What happened right after the tax cut of 1981 was a sharp rise in federal spending, caused in part by a great recession. This was the post-Carter recession. When Carter left office, interest rates were at 21.5 per cent, inflation at 12 per cent. By the time the recession was over, two years later, interest rates were down to 11 per cent, inflation to 4 per cent.

In 1982, Reagan called for spending that would have amounted to 21.8 per cent of GNP. Congress spent 23.8 per cent of GNP. That difference (2 per cent of GNP) contributed hugely to a deficit of 4.1 per cent. In 1986, Reagan proposed spending amounting to 19 per cent of GNP. Actual spending was 23.8 per cent of GNP. The deficit as a percentage of GNP came to 5.3 per cent.

2. On the matter of the United States' standing in the international economic community, the federal debt is a deplorably large 56 per cent of our GNP. But before Mr. Dukakis decides that we are uniquely irresponsible, he should look around. Canada's debt is 69 per cent of her GNP, and so is Sweden's. Italy's is 89 per cent. Japan's is 91 per cent. Belgium's is 123 per cent.

3. No one in any recognized economic zoo has maintained that the 1981 tax reductions had the effect of creating a trade imbalance. Tax reductions reduce overhead, and reduced overhead increases productivity. The trade deficit is substantially the result of economic stagnation in Western Europe and (for four years) in Japan. The reordering of the U.S. economy—lower inflation and interest rates, lower taxation—caused U.S. net investment abroad to collapse from $121 billion in 1982 to $24 billion in 1984, pursuing auspicious economic circumstances at home.

4. As regards David Stockman's pig troughs. In 1980, under the old tax code, the 5 per cent of Americans who are the top earners paid 37.2 per cent of all the taxes. In 1988, after the two big tax cuts, the top 5 per cent are paying 40.9 per cent of all the taxes. Meanwhile, the poorest 50 per cent of families will pay 5.9 per cent of the taxes, down from 6.7 per cent in 1980. Governor Dukakis did not stop to mention the 13 million extra jobs created since 1980, or to comment on what the distribution of income could look like in their absence.

1986 was not so long ago as to elude the memory entirely. One can understand if, in a presidential debate, someone slips up and says that Columbus sailed the ocean blue in 1493. But it is time to remind ourselves that the main tax cut in 1986, in effect today, was voted for unanimously by the Senate Finance Committee, that it was designed to be revenue neutral, but that in fact it has brought in higher taxes from affluent Americans than had been expected. Governor Dukakis's lines are carefully vague, but they amount to: high taxation, for such goals as Dukakis dreams up. His memory is selective enough to decline to remember that the two principal economic events in the recent economic history of Massachusetts that inclined the state toward prosperity—the tax reductions of his predecessor, Governor Edward King, and Proposition 2½ (1980)—were both of them opposed by Michael Dukakis. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Alberta's capital — EDMONTON (35 115 126 61 143 17 165 23)

B. Not too bright! — DIMWITTED (162 12 109 1 71 144 83 46 156)

C. Medieval rank — KNIGHTHOOD (78 160 31 111 117 86 8 15 136 53)

D. Carry more importance — OUTWEIGH (43 154 116 11 57 25 135 132)

E. City south of Def. A — CALGARY (36 168 28 65 148 139 55)

F. Anglers want to "nail" this shark — HAMMERHEAD (84 123 141 38 163 5 51 120 110 157)

G. Ontario's capital — TORONTO (105 48 75 153 147 13 37)

H. Toddler's first mount — HOBBYHORSE (91 130 34 26 170 2 158 47 68 118)

I. Excitement, especially for Edison — ELECTRICITY (114 155 52 166 30 63 121 70 88 9 101)

J. Manitoba's capital — WINNIPEG (81 97 149 107 127 21 39 7)

K. Funds a chair — ENDOWS (138 98 45 22 131 122)

L. Global hot spot (2 words) — LATIN AMERICA (89 85 134 112 4 161 94 76 18 159 60 67)

M. Hard to please — FASTIDIOUS (49 77 102 129 6 150 108 69 16 33)

N. King of the Belgians, 1909-34 — ALBERT I (146 90 74 58 167 128 27)

O. Important blood factor — RHESUS (119 152 104 24 62 10)

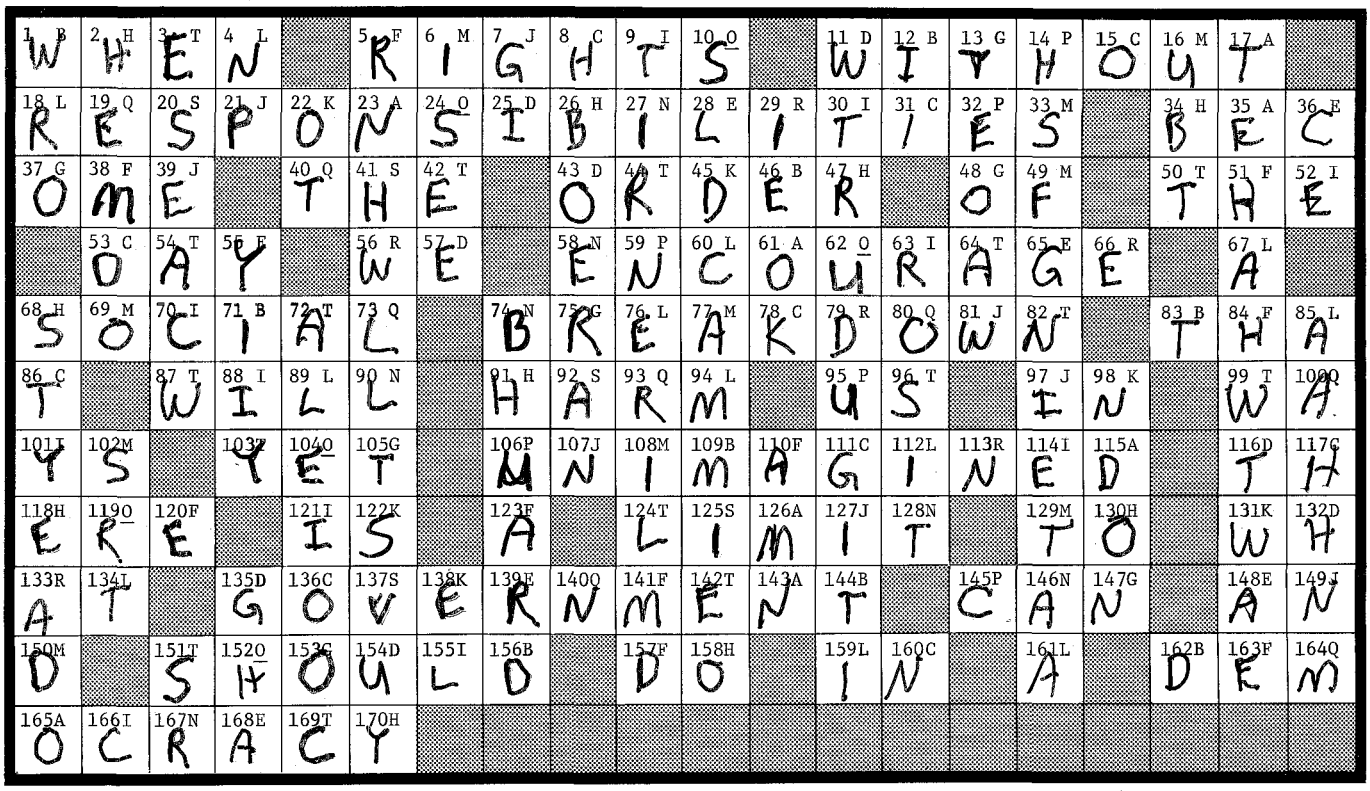
P. One often used as a harem attendant — EUNUCH (32 106 59 95 145 14)

Q. Quebec port city — MONTREAL (164 80 140 40 93 19 100 73)

R. Good name for boxer Rosario's daughter — EDWINA (66 79 56 29 113 133)

S. Hindu deity (var.) — SHIVA (20 41 125 137 92)

T. Canadian water route (3 words) — ST LAWRENCE SEAWAY (96 50 124 54 87 44 142 82 169 42 151 3 72 99 64 103)



DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 58 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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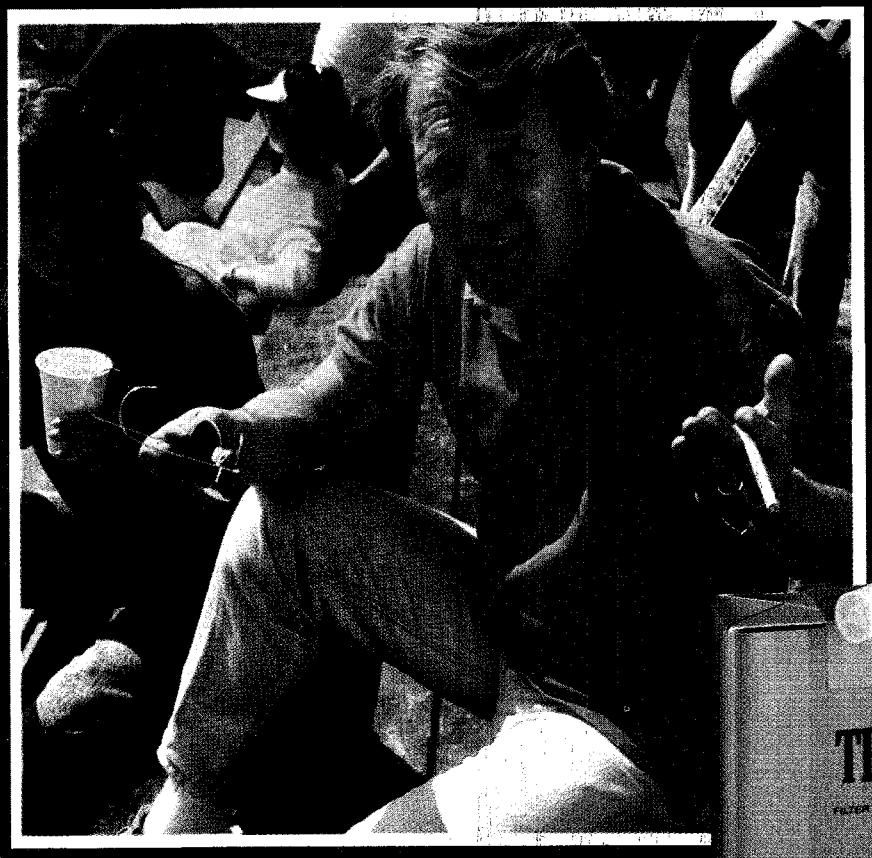
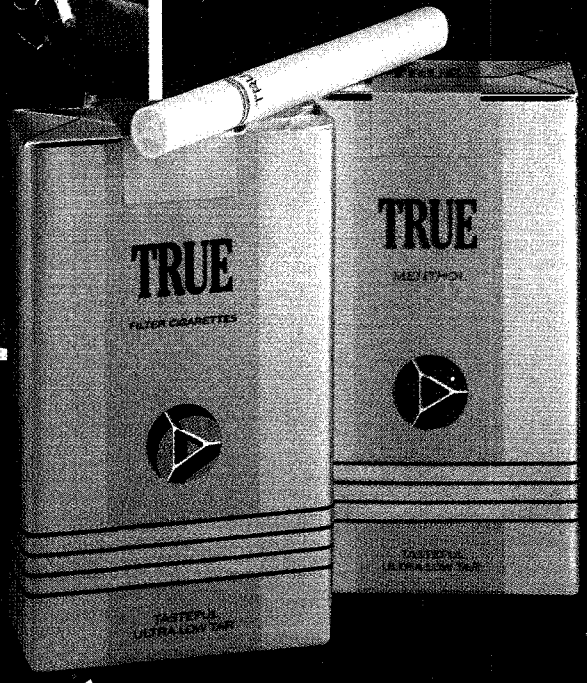
"Most low tars have a hollow taste."





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